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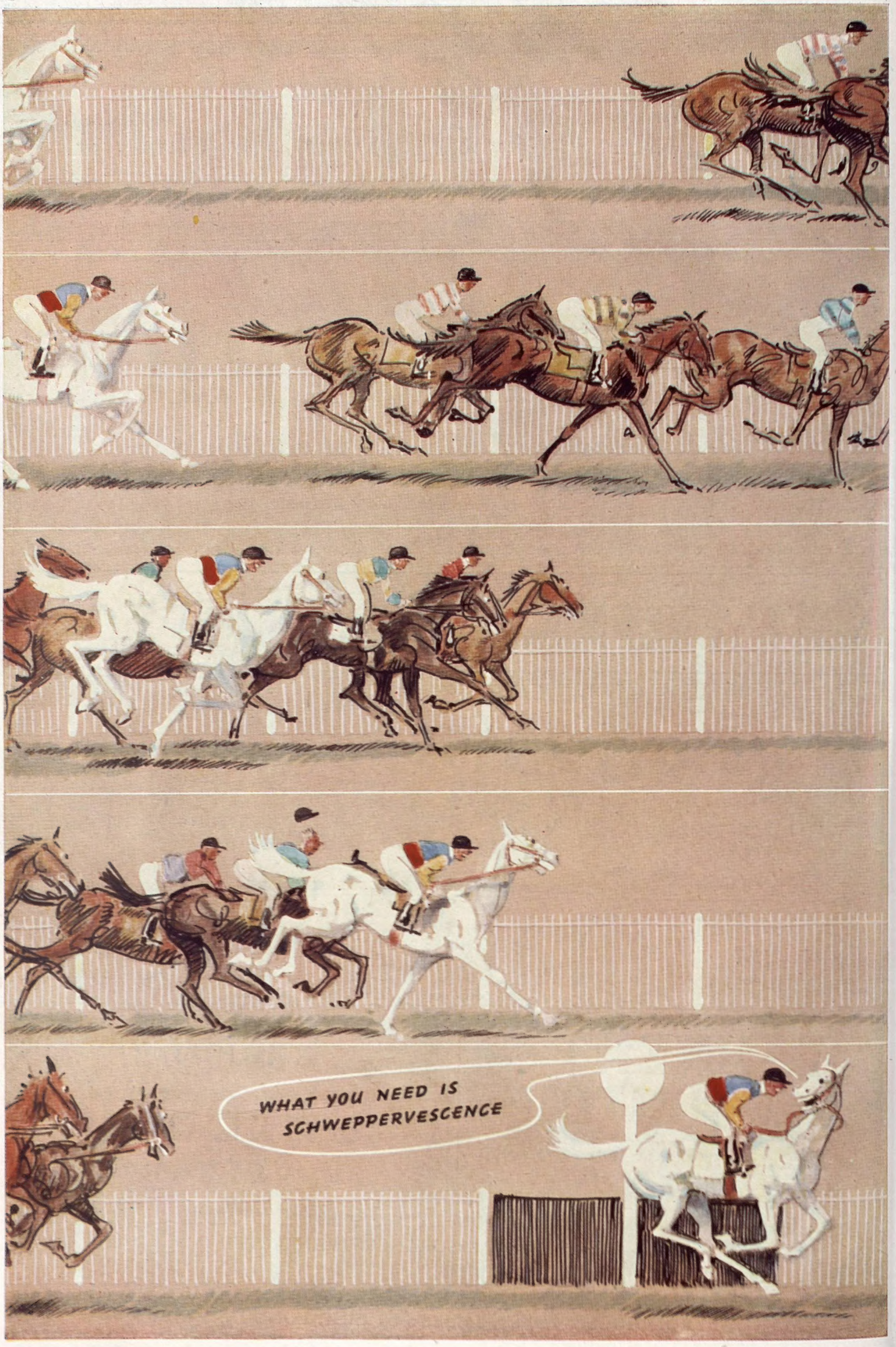
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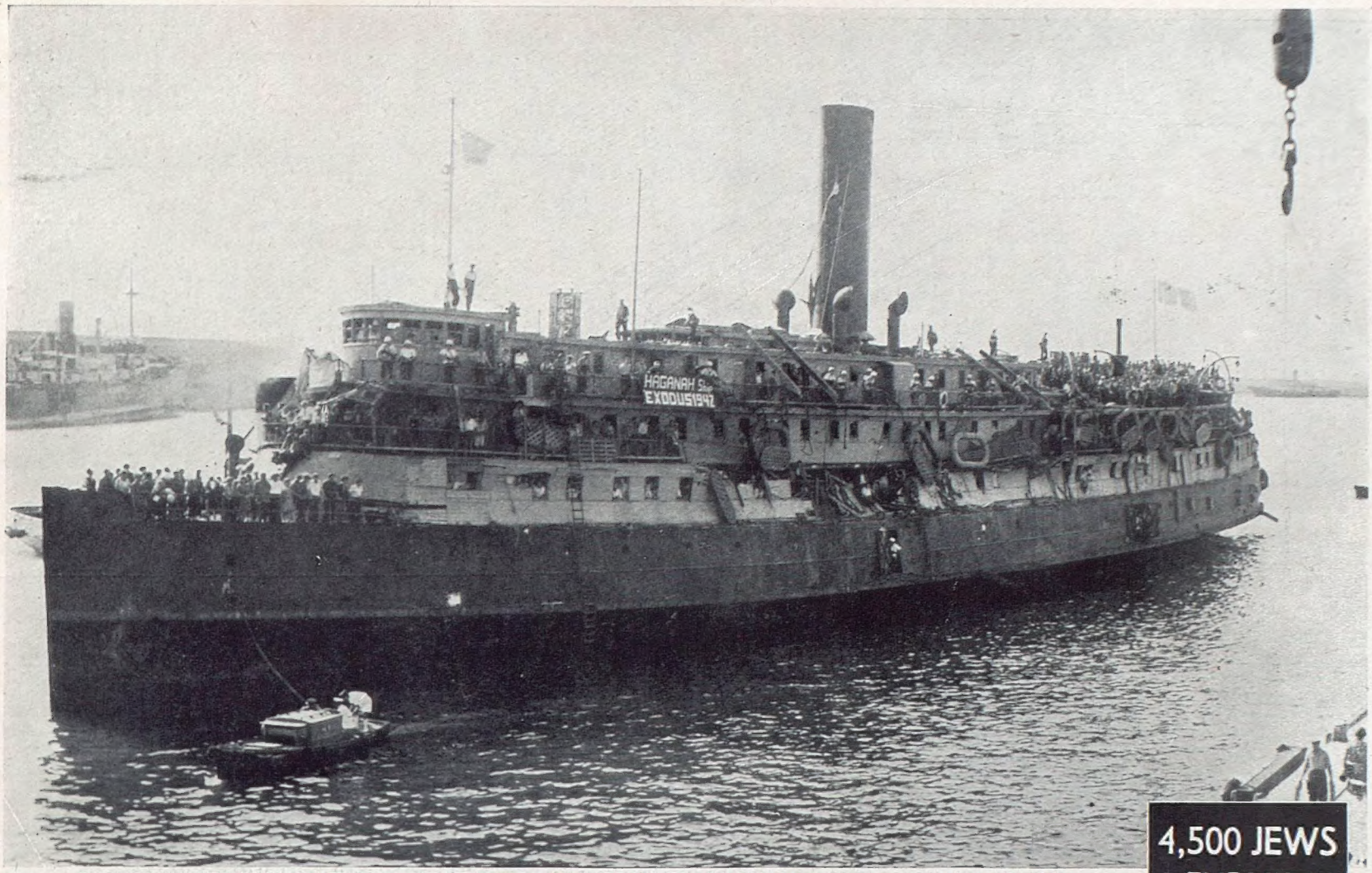


THE "PRESIDENT WARFIELD," ALIAS "EXODUS 1947," ARRIVING AT HAIFA WITH 4,500 ILLEGAL JEWISH IMMIGRANTS ON BOARD: The vessel limping into port after a furious battle between the immigrants and the Royal Naval boarding-party, in the course of which four Jews were killed. On reaching Haifa the immigrants were transhipped and sent back to their port of embarkation in France

4,500 JEWS TURNED BACK AT HAIFA

After a Battle Aboard the Hell-ship "Exodus"

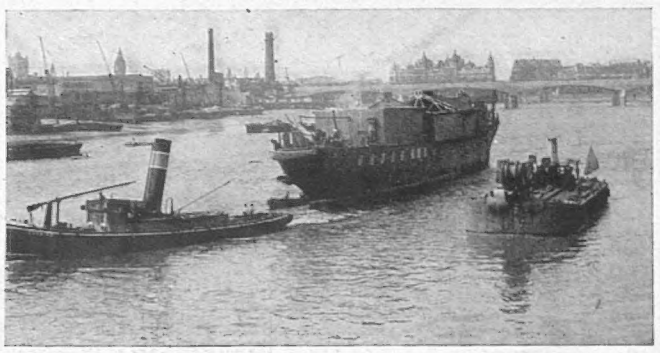
The turning back of the 4,500 illegal immigrants in the *President Warfield* marks a new phase in British policy with regard to the illegal Jewish immigrants. The 4,500 Jews, including 2,000 women and children, have been sent back to Cette, their port of embarkation, and not to Cyprus camps, where it has been the custom to make the immigrants wait until they can be admitted to Palestine under the quota. After the battle on board the *President Warfield* (renamed *Exodus* 1947) the ship was adjudged to be in too dilapidated a condition to return to Cette. It appears that she once carried trippers to and fro across Chesapeake Bay, and that during the war she made several crossings of the Atlantic in convoy. After the war she was sold to the Potomac Ship-wrecking Company for £2,000, and subsequently bought for £10,000 by a man called Weston, who stated that the vessel would be put into the fruit trade. The *President Warfield* sailed from Baltimore on February 25 of this year, her destination being given as China. On June 12 she was at Marseilles, and subsequently picked up her 4,500 passengers at Cette

WHEN THE "PRESIDENT WARFIELD" DOCKED AT HAIFA—THE DAMAGED AND DANGEROUSLY OVERLOADED VESSEL IN CHARGE OF THE ROYAL NAVAL BOARDING-PARTY AND AIRBORNE TROOPS AFTER INTERCEPTION OFF THE COAST OF PALESTINE: *Left*—A view of the damaged side of the vessel. During the fighting the boarding-party had to use tear gas to gain control of the bridge. *Right*—Airborne troops examining the personal belongings of the immigrants on the quayside at Haifa. After inspection the immigrants were transhipped to the "Empire Vigour," "Ocean Vigour" and the "Runnymede" and sent back to Cette, their port of embarkation in France. Most of them were under the impression they were on their way to Famagusta, in Cyprus

H.M.S. "PRESIDENT" SQUEEZES HER WAY BENEATH THE BRIDGES

The Famous Training-Ship Leaves Her Thames-side Moorings

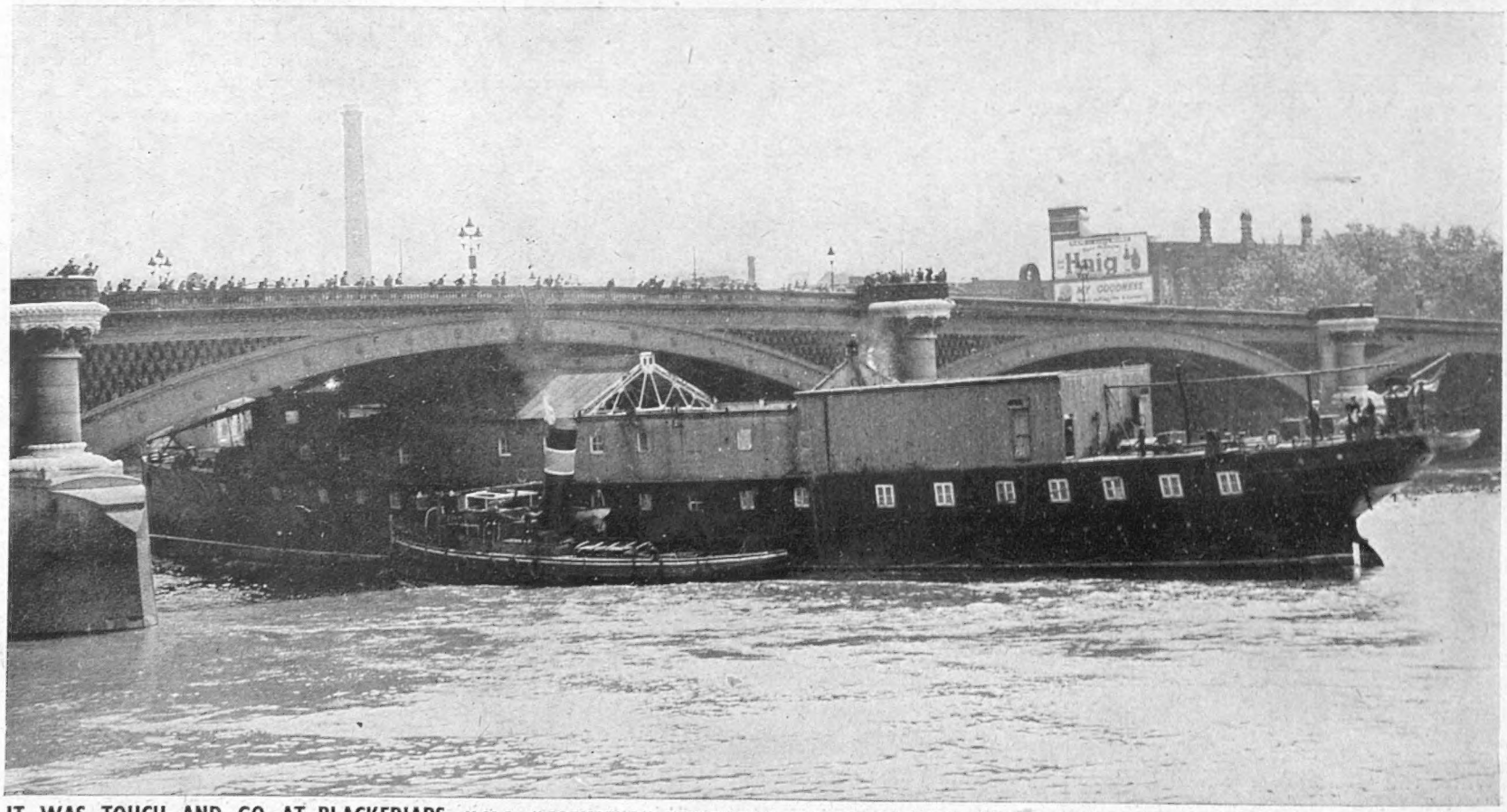
THE START OF THE JOURNEY: H.M.S. "President," headquarters ship of the London Division of the R.N.V.R., being taken in tow by tugs from her moorings on the Thames Embankment, which she has now left for the first time since 1928. She is to undergo an extensive refit at Chatham Dockyard



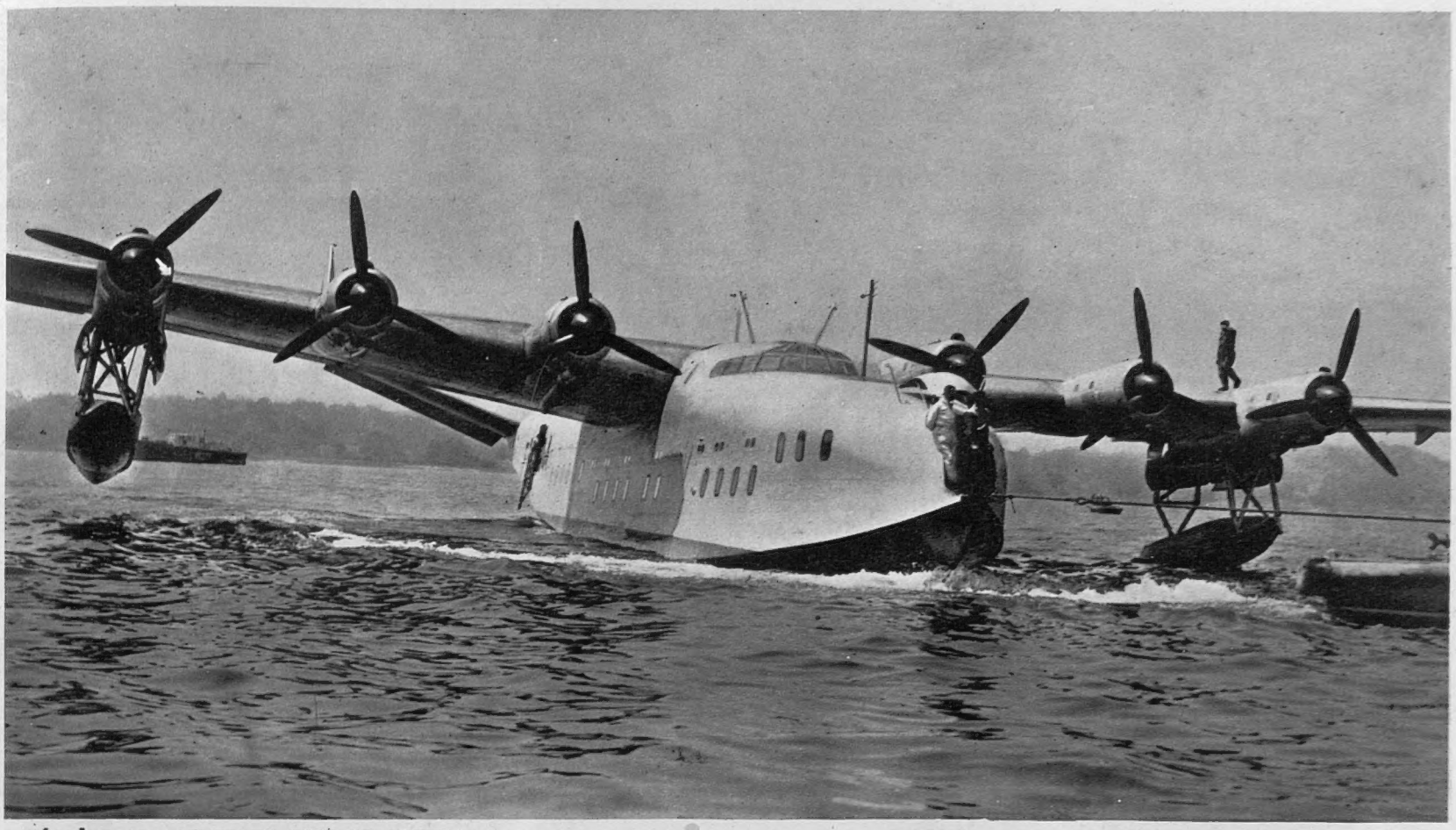
HER FIRST MOVE FOR NINETEEN YEARS: H.M.S. "President" in the centre of the tideway with the tug "Sunbird" pulling her round in the stream

For twenty-five years H.M.S. *President* has been a familiar, if not a particularly beautiful, sight at her moorings on the Thames Embankment between Waterloo Bridge and Blackfriars. Now she is to be extensively refitted at Chatham, and she will emerge, we are told, looking more like a yacht and with considerably more dignity than is allowed by her present utility superstructure. The task of getting the *President* down the Thames last Sunday was no easy one, and the tug-masters had a particularly tricky problem in negotiating the central arch of Blackfriars Bridge, the lowest of the bridges just above the Pool. The *President* is the second drill ship of that name to be used by the London Division of the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve. She was originally called *Saxifrage* and was built as a sloop in the First World War. The great majority of naval officers serving at the Admiralty, or under the direct orders of Admiralty departments, are borne on the books of the *President* for purposes of pay and records

EASING HER INTO THE CENTRE OF THE TIDEWAY: The tugs "Sunshine" and "Sunbird" helping to manœuvre the "President" into the middle of the river in order to enable her to negotiate the bridges. As the picture below shows, the "President" only just squeezed through Blackfriars Bridge owing to the extent of her top hamper



IT WAS TOUCH AND GO AT BLACKFRIARS—H.M.S. "PRESIDENT" NEGOTIATING THE BRIDGE WITH ONLY A FEW INCHES TO SPARE: The task of removing the "President" was completed last Sunday when the tideway was comparatively empty of other shipping. The exact moment had to be chosen to pass under Blackfriars, and the manœuvre was watched by quite a crowd of Sunday strollers from the vantage point of the parapet of the bridge



LATÉCOÈRE 631 COMES TO REST AT HYTHE—THE GIANT SIX-ENGINED FRENCH FLYING-BOAT ON ARRIVAL AT THE B.O.A.C. BASE AFTER COMPLETING THE JOURNEY FROM BISCAROSSE, NEAR BORDEAUX : The Latécoère is the biggest flying-boat yet built in Europe

THE CRUISE of LATÉCOÈRE 631

Europe's Biggest Flying-Boat on Test

AT 200 FT. OVER THE B.O.A.C. BASE, HYTHE—AN IMPRESSION OF THE GRACEFUL LATÉCOÈRE 631 AFTER TAKING OFF WITH SIXTY-TWO PASSENGERS ON A CRUISE ROUND SOUTHERN ENGLAND

Latécoère 631, Europe's biggest flying-boat to date, which paid a courtesy call on this country last week, flying to Hythe from Biscarosse and then on to London, has had a remarkable history. The building of the aircraft was begun in 1938, and she was almost ready when the Germans invaded France in 1940. The French, determined that the prototype should not fall into the hands of the enemy, hid parts of the machine in widely-separated districts, and they reassembled them after the liberation. Another flying-boat of the same type, but the parts of which were not dispersed, was destroyed by Allied bombing. Two other models have since been built. The Latécoère has a wing span of 188 ft., is 142½ ft. in length, and 34 ft. in height to the top of the fins. The fact that she is rather under-powered was made apparent during her recent flight over Southern England, but she gave a smooth performance, and there is no doubt that the type is aerodynamically sound. Her cockpit is set rather far back in the fuselage, and it would seem that this would tend to limit the pilot's vision at the vital moment of landing.

THE FIRST TWIN-ENGINED TRANSPORT HELICOPTER : This type, known as the Kellett XR 10, has just been introduced by the United States Army Air Force. It carries ten passengers

A GIANT IN THE HELICOPTER CLASS : In addition to being the first twin-engined transport-type helicopter, the Kellett XR 10 is an all-metal machine. Most helicopters in the past have contained a substantial amount of wood in their structure. The Kellett XR 10 has a maximum speed of over 100 m.p.h. and a range of nearly 350 miles. During tests at North Wales, Pennsylvania, the helicopter had no difficulty in carrying ten passengers in addition to pilot and co-pilot

THE ROYAL FAMILY IN EDINBURGH

Princess Elizabeth Receives the Freedom and Makes Several Public Appearances with Lieut. Mountbatten

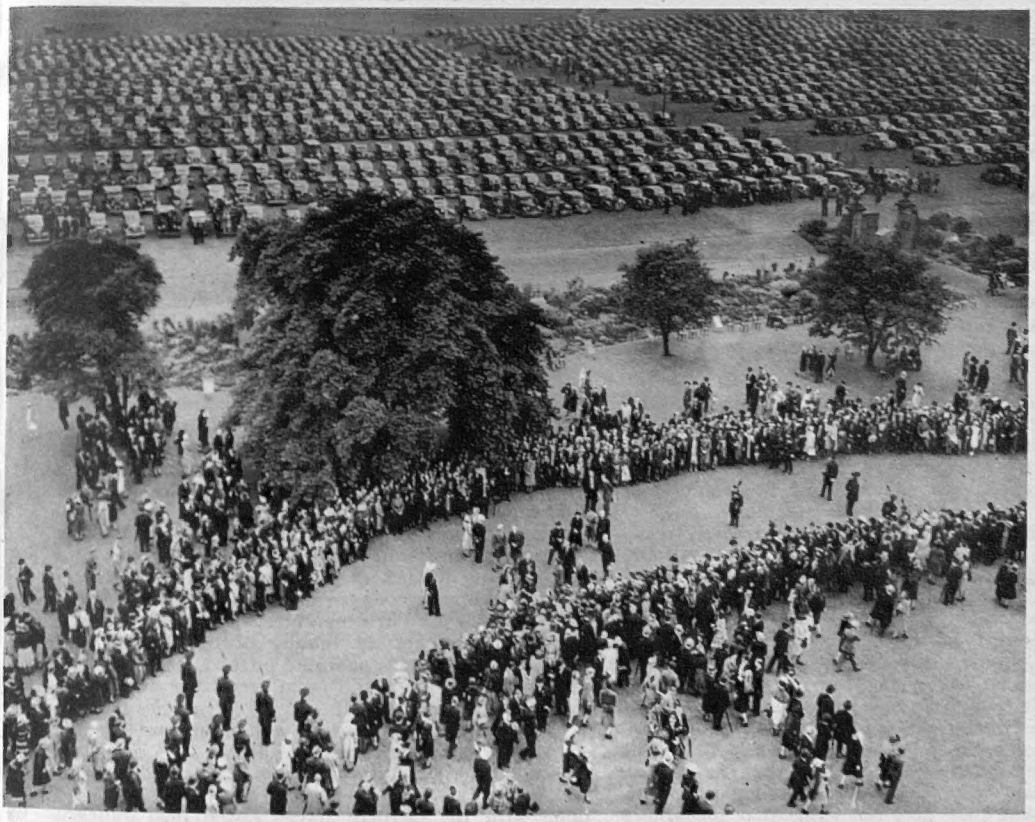
THE ROYAL FAMILY AT THE PALACE OF HOLYROOD: The King and Queen in conversation with an officer of the Scots Guards outside their official residence during their stay in the Scottish capital. Standing just behind the King is Princess Margaret. While in Edinburgh Princess Elizabeth and her fiancé, Lieutenant Philip Mountbatten, made numerous public appearances together

THE QUEEN GOES SHOPPING: Her Majesty leaving a Highland Home Industries shop, where she purchased a costume length for Princess Margaret and ordered a kilt for the King

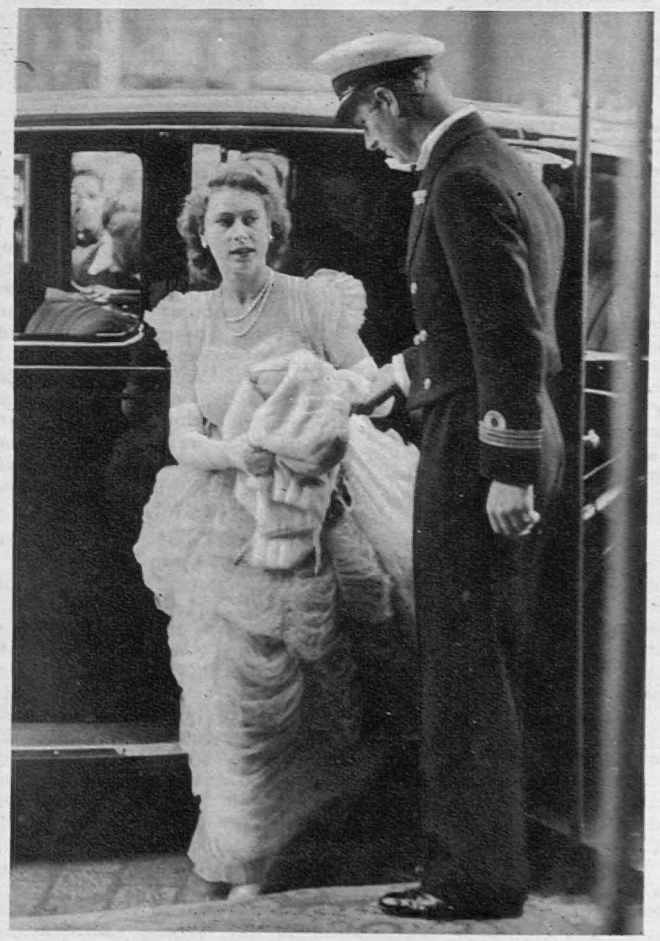
PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND LIEUT. PHILIP MOUNTBATTEN VISIT THE ARGYLL AND SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS' CLUB: The Princess is receiving a bouquet from Mrs. Higginbotham, wife of the chairman of the Club. Lieutenant Philip Mountbatten discarded his naval uniform for the occasion

THERE WERE CHEERING CROWDS WHEREVER AND WHENEVER THEY APPEARED: *Left*—Princess Elizabeth and Lieut. Mountbatten leaving the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders' Club, and (*right*) outside the Usher Hall, where the Princess received the Freedom of Edinburgh. Standing with the Princess and her fiancé are Sir John Falconer, the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, and his daughter. At the Argyll Club the Princess received a diamond brooch on behalf of the regiment

THE ROYAL FAMILY AT ST. GILES' CATHEDRAL—LEAVING THE CATHEDRAL AFTER THE KING HAD INSTALLED THE DUKE OF MONTROSE AND THE EARL OF ROSEBERY AS KNIGHTS OF THE THISTLE: The King is talking to the Dean of the Thistle, the Very Rev. Dr. Charles Warr. The Queen is talking to Lord Lyon King-of-Arms (Sir Thomas Innes). Behind her are Lieut. Mountbatten and Princess Margaret. Princess Elizabeth was not present as she had an engagement at the Central Hall, where she was made a life member of the Women's Section of the British Legion



THE ROYAL GARDEN PARTY IN THE GROUNDS OF HOLYROODHOUSE: An overhead view of the party in progress during the brief spell of fine weather, when the King and Queen, the Princesses and Lieut. Philip Mountbatten promenaded among the guests on the rain-soaked lawns. There was a heavy thunderstorm when most of the 8,000 guests were on the way to the Palace, and, after an hour's relenting, it renewed itself later. In the background is the well-ordered car park



ARRIVING AT THE CALEDONIAN HOTEL TO DINE WITH THE DUCHESS OF BUCCLEUCH: Princess Elizabeth is helped from her car by Lieut. Philip Mountbatten. After dining in a private suite at the hotel, the Princess and her fiancé were watched by large crowds as they drove off to a ball held in aid of the Scottish Association of Girls' Clubs

WHAT THE SOVIET SEEK TO HIDE

The Iron Curtain Descends Upon the Bastions of Eastern Europe

By FERDINAND TUOHY

NOW that we are entering on a period when the Russians will make every effort to plug such holes and perforations in the Iron Curtain as have existed or should appear, an added importance accrues to all information in hand which bears on what they have not wished known about themselves heretofore.

That espionage by foreigners within the vast confines of the Soviet Union will present greater difficulties than agents have ever encountered anywhere before requires little saying; in addition, we have lately been vouchsafed evidence that Moscow has been putting the national house of secrecy in shape from the standpoint of disclosures made by citizens of the U.S.S.R.

The instrument chosen was a new decree-law of really remarkable blanketing propensities even for a totalitarian regime. At first sight it looks almost benign. Those guilty of the disclosure of State secrets will be sent to a reformatory labour camp; service men for ten to twenty years; officials from eight to twelve years; private individuals from five to ten years.

The kick comes in the final words: "provided their action cannot be qualified as treason or espionage." Otherwise put, the reformatory years are for people who babble without guilt. What happens to those who betray their country cannot easily be publicised in a State which recently abolished the death penalty.

But where the blanketing touches its peak lies in the definition of what is a State secret, and once again the kick is in the last line, which specifies: "other information which will be recognised by the U.S.S.R. Council of Ministers as not subject to disclosure"—a mild way of indicating that the Politburo can go on finding new causes for arrest as long as it chooses.

Short of these, the decree enables one to set down the Soviet Government's version of State secrets.

The list leads off by naming any conceivable detail bearing on the armed forces, their disposition, armaments, munitions or fighting preparedness. It goes on by naming any detail about war industries "together with other industries concerned with executing military orders"; and proceeds further by naming anything to do with discoveries or inventions bearing on "technical and other means of defence of the U.S.S.R."

After that, the decree switches to the foreign realm, and in sweeping language indeed, warns Soviet citizens off the turf with respect to all information concerning "the negotiations, relations, and agreements of the U.S.S.R. with foreign States, and equally all other measures in the sphere of foreign policy and foreign trade which are not contained in officially published data." Wow! I *am* glad, as a "working" journalist, that I left Russia after the *bouquet français* of Nicolai Nicolaievitch, delivered in the snow outside his train at Baranovitchi: "If you lie, I hang."

Nor may Soviet citizens discuss the whereabouts of any Fort Worthsky unless they wish to hit those reformatory camps or suffer not-mentioned punishment. They must preserve utmost silence at all times and in all places about "the location and system of safe keeping and transportation of precious metals and the State currency, valuables and money coins."

Finally, in this broad sweep of what it considers to be State secrets (with full powers to add as many more as it chooses) the Politburo warns against the disclosure of information about "plans and proposals relating to the import and export of certain goods"; and concerning "geological resources and rare metals and rare earths."

Well, such are the things which, Moscow tells the world, it doesn't intend to have disclosed inside or outside Russia. Now let us proceed to other than official sources for a continuation of the serial, "What Soviet State Secrecy Seeks to Hide." High up is anything that indicates weakness resulting from the war. The Russians want nothing known about their recovery setbacks, and Comrade Morris Childs, editor of the New York *Daily Worker*, probably got a rap on the knuckles for recently reporting that the war on Soviet soil had caused incalculable industrial damage.

Childs went on in an interesting run of implied admissions: "New towns were rising by the hundreds in the ashes left by the fires of war. . . . Not all industry is increasing with the same rapidity. . . . Some people take a glance at Moscow and a few other cities of the Soviet Union and decide that Russians do not live as well as we do, that they are not dressed as well. Also that housing is terrifically crowded. . . . Let us look into the Donets region again.

"The destruction inflicted on this area by the Germans was something terrible . . . all the towns and villages were levelled by the Hitler armies. . . . They blew up and flooded hundreds of coal-mines. They destroyed all the coke and chemical works and the entire metal industry. Thousands of collective farms, with their livestock, tractors, machinery, etc., were burned."

Morris then commits pictorial treason by showing the Dnieprostrov Dam débris being cleared by pick, by hand and by wheelbarrow.

BRITISH TROOPS ARE TRAINING THE GREEK REGULAR ARMY: Major Keeling, of the Seaforths, watching a detachment leaving camp at the start of a training period. The recent successes of the Greek Army in the northern mountain region have testified to the thoroughness of this training. Last year the Greek Commander-in-Chief visited a British O.C.T.U. to examine our methods of selecting and training officers. A few days ago it was announced that the Greek Government had decided that the Army must be doubled in strength, thus bringing the maximum strength to 260,000 men. As a result, it will be necessary to start new negotiations with the United States in order to use a portion of the £75,000,000 reconstruction grant on behalf of the armed forces. Allegations made by General Markos, the guerilla chief, and broadcast over the Moscow radio, say that British airmen and soldiers have been fighting in company with the Greek forces. The allegations have been strenuously denied, and British authorities point out that troops in Athens and Salonika are forbidden to go more than 15 miles beyond these cities

These terrible war wounds which the Politburo would lick far from alien eyes are no subjects for anything but genuine if unwanted regret. On the other hand, their extent may explain Russia's truculent interference with the recovery programmes of nations not yet roped in to her ideology.

The rulers of Russia are likewise extremely sensitive about anything reflecting on the national dignity—such as backwardness, breakdowns, shortcomings, or lack of accomplishment. They instil a naïve, almost childlike pride in accomplishment by the masses and come down like a ton of bricks on any unauthorised mention of its absence. Thus, if a foreign correspondent in Moscow reports off his own bat that things are not going well in such-and-such an industry, he will be for some degree of jump, high, medium, or low, according to his dossier. But if *Pravda* reports the same thing, then he can go blithely ahead—akin to warning foreign correspondents here that they may not cable that pineapples are in short supply unless they see it in the *Daily Herald*.

In passing, the attacks made upon British and American journalists after they left Moscow in May are a further facet in the intense security pattern being woven by the Soviet Union. These men are not wanted back, and the best way to implement that is to magnify their objective reporting into low-down attacks on the U.S.S.R.

Operating in the reverse direction but to the same end is the almost complete ban on Soviet citizens travelling outside Russia. Most countries are living in varying forms of self-inflicted prison camps—to my mind the biggest condemnation of this lunar epoch—but Russia is, in this respect, beyond doubt in a class by herself.

You stand in amaze at the refusal to allow the balance of fifteen Soviet wives to join their husbands in Britain. The Soviet bureaucracy sees nothing whatever strange about it. The first dozen wives were let go amid the joys of victory. But now the skies are dark and no Soviet woman shall be committed to the bosom of a foreigner lest she should burble something amid the sweet nothings. Of all Russia's scores of millions, none save a handful of utterly tested Party folk and a sprinkling of seamen are allowed outside their native land.

The same lack of trust is to be observed at work in the commands issued to Russian officers and officials in Berlin and Vienna to sever as far as is compatible with their duties all social relations with Americans, British and French of similar levels. What might not trickle out of *le trou Slav* were one too many allowed to trickle into it.

A further aspect of Soviet armoured secrecy concerns facts, theories and opinions. The classical example is the historic *Pravda* leader announcing that the recent war was won by the Soviet Army's single-handed fight:

"The Soviet Army ejected the German invaders from the sacred Soviet soil, liberated from the Fascist yoke the oppressed nations of Europe, broke the backbone of the Hitler beast, and after the capture of Berlin victoriously terminated the war."

Mind-conditioning of this nature requires as a corollary that the Western view of the matter shall be as rigorously kept from Soviet citizens as any information about the location of treasure or rare earths. The only way the former can percolate is by foreign broadcasts, so a great hush is put down on these by limiting sets able to receive them to about 1,000,000 trusties.

Again, the Soviet is determined that as great a secret as possible shall be made of its high living at top levels, and of its unsocialistic inequality at upper ones. Anything in these two lines must be kept doubly a secret—from satellite lands and critics beyond them, and from the Russian multitude at large.

I touched on the secrecy surrounding economic conditions. It is Mikoyan's "pidgin" to see that the least possible is known outside Russia of the true position with regard to such things as droughts and harvests, dependence upon imports, and inadequacies in industry and shortages of consumer goods and their main causes. These are: shortage of labour due to huge war losses, and more especially of skilled labour; depreciation of plant and that depreciation of labour efficiency commonly known as war-weariness.

Then there is the clamp-down on all political problems affecting the Party and its organisation. I hear Malenkov has been entrusted with a special secrecy drive in this direction owing to the tripling of Party membership during the four war years and the consequent need to look for any crack or looseness in the new, outsize armoured suit of secrecy within which the Party operates. Above all, foreigners must not get an inkling of oppositions and conflicting views such as would be food for enjoyment in the still free lands and for a very large number in the satellite ones as well.

Finally, the Soviet does not want anybody to know how many prisoners of war it has got, and where they are, and what they are doing; just as it doesn't want anybody to know what is being done with the German forces raised into military co-operation from the carnage of Stalingrad. Millions, including many Russians, are thought to be in labour camps spread this way and that over thousands of miles. The curtain is down on them. Firmly and, quite possibly, for ever.

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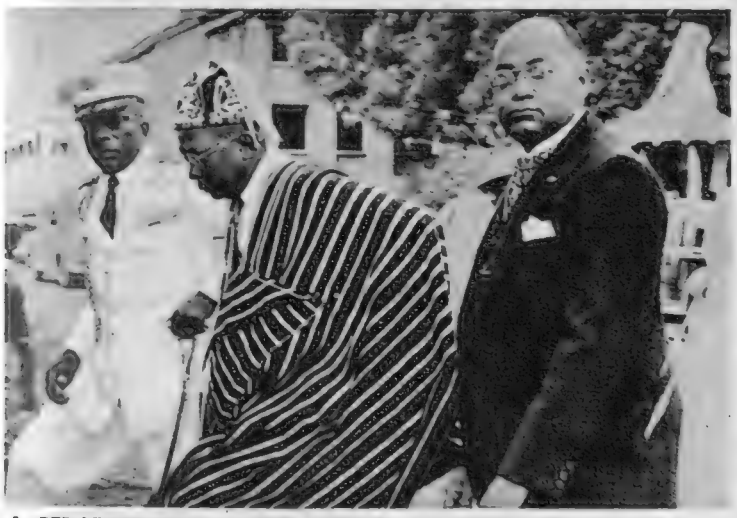
THIS IS WOOMERA—THE SITE OF A NEW TOWN, AMONG THE BARREN WASTES OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA, WHICH IS TO BECOME THE RANGEHEAD OF THE EXPERIMENTAL ROCKET RANGE SET UP BY THE GOVERNMENTS OF AUSTRALIA AND BRITAIN: *Left*—A view of the launching-site, showing the cairn which has been set up amid the treeless countryside. The place has been named Woomera, an Australian aboriginal word meaning "a type of sling used as a spear-thrower." *Right*—Lieut.-General Evetts, head of the British team of rocket experts sent out to Australia by the Ministry of Supply, presiding over a discussion between technical advisers and Service members of the Board of Administration which will bring the rocket range into being. The discussion took place on the proposed launching-site at Woomera, which lies six miles north of Pimba, a small railway siding on the transcontinental line between Adelaide and West Australia. From this site long-range rockets, made at a South Australian factory, will be directed north-westwards into the dead heart of Australia. Before this is done, however, houses, schools and stores will have to be brought into being at Woomera, and a loop-line will have to be made with the main railway connecting Port Augusta and Perth

THE LONELY OUTPOST OF PIMBA, A RAILWAY-SIDING IN THE SOUTH AUSTRALIAN DESERT SIX MILES FROM THE PROPOSED ROCKET-LAUNCHING SITE AT WOOMERA: Pimba at the moment accommodates eight families and a flock of goats to supply them with fresh milk. When the branch line to the rocket range is being built Pimba will for a while leap into activity, and its population is expected to soar

THE MAIN ROAD FROM WOOMERA TO PIMBA: At the moment it is only fit for jeeps, but when the Woomera rocket range comes into being a metalled highway will link the launching-site with the air-fields and the railway. The site has been decided upon as a result of consultation between the Australian Government and the British Rocket Mission

AUSTRALIA'S ROCKET RANGE: Since the close of the war the United States has gone ahead rapidly with rocket research, in large measure, perhaps because it has pressed into service a number of eminent German scientists with a particular knowledge of these projectiles. Britain and Australia, jointly interested in the vital question of Imperial Defence, are planning researches along the same lines, and they have already agreed on a rocket rangehead site north of Pimba, South Australia. The initial development of the rocket range will be up to 300 miles, but it is planned eventually to develop it up to a distance of 3,000 miles, the firing being done from the north-west coast and carrying the rockets into the heart of Australia. Of recent weeks there has been a great deal of criticism in Australia regarding the selected site for the rangehead, and it appears that this has been initiated by the Australian Communist Party. The Party, it appears, have tried to persuade the Australian Building Trades Federation and other Unions to declare the range "Black" and to have nothing to do with the project. The Australian Government countered this by introducing a Bill to make such interference illegal



A RED-LETTER DAY IN THE HISTORY OF LIBERIA: President Tubman, wearing a chief's robe and accompanied by an officer of the Liberian Army and his Secretary of State, arriving at the Parliament building, Monrovia, for the 100th anniversary celebrations

PRESIDENT TUBMAN ADDRESSES THE LIBERIAN LEGISLATURE: Liberia's Chief Executive, a descendant of freed slaves from the United States, making his official speech on the occasion of the 100th anniversary of the declaration of the Independent Republic

LIBERIA REJOICES: The Republic of Liberia, now celebrating the centenary of its constitution, had its origin in the efforts of several American philanthropic societies to make permanent provision for freed American slaves by establishing them in this particularly fertile territory on the West African coast. The first settlement was formed in the 1820's on the spot where Monrovia now stands, but it was on July 6, 1847, that the State was constituted as the Free and Independent Republic of Liberia. The constitution of the Republic is on the model of that of the United States, with certain important differences. The Executive is vested in a President and Cabinet, and the legislative power in two houses, the Senate and the House of Representatives. The President, who is elected for eight years, must be at least thirty-five years old. Electors must be of negro blood and owners of land. The capital city, Monrovia, where the recent celebrations took place, has a population of approximately 10,000. It is named after President Monroe of the United States

MAKING THE DESERT BLOOM

Water by Pipe-line to the Negev, the "Empty Quarter" of the Holy Land in Palestine

AN AMBITIOUS SCHEME TO RECLAIM THE EMPTY WASTES OF SOUTHERN PALESTINE : A sketch-map showing the routes taken by the pipe-lines, which will carry water into the Negev, the dry and sparsely populated region south of Gaza, and enable the Jewish settlements there to thrive like the settlements far to the north

LAYING THE PIPE-LINE THROUGH THE DESERT : Altogether 162 miles of pipes are being laid. They come from Britain, where they formed part of the emergency equipment used during the blitz for the quick replacement of gas and water mains. Most of the line follows the roadway, as this is Government property. Wherever the pipes cross Arab land, dues have to be paid, and the Arabs are also compensated by water supply

THE START OF THE PIPE-LINE AT NIR AM : It is here that wells have been sunk and pumping plant has been installed to send the water coursing into the barren area of the Negev. At present there are twenty Jewish settlements in the Negev, but more are planned for the near future when the water supply is assured

ONE OF THE WATER TANKS AT NIR AM : This concrete tank, circular in design and entirely enclosed, holds 1,100 cubic metres of water. As it empties into the pipe-line it is constantly replenished from the wells. Altogether it is hoped to pump each year 1,000,000 cubic metres of water over the Negev network. The scheme will cost £300,000

Many plans, complex and far-reaching, have been made by Palestinian experts and others for the irrigation of the Negev. Negev is a Hebrew word meaning "The Dry." It is applied vaguely to the lands lying to the south of Beersheba, an immense territory covering almost half the area of Palestine and with a nomadic population of 80,000 bedouins. With the exception of a few scattered cultivable areas in certain of the wadis and in the neighbourhood of springs, it is entirely desert. Yet at one time the Negev boasted many cities. Their remains have been found, as well as destroyed dams and waterworks. The Jews have always contended that the Negev can be reclaimed, and during the past two years they have established twenty settlements there. The reclamation of the whole of the Negev would represent a colossal undertaking calling for vast sums. What the Jews are doing is carrying water to their settlements so that they can establish them permanently. The scheme provides for the conveyance of water in pipe-lines from areas with an abundance of underground resources to the arid regions. Wells have been sunk at the settlements of Nir Am, Gevar Am and Dorot, and the plentiful flow of water obtained is to be carried by 14-inch pipes over a distance of many miles as far as Revivim, the most southerly Jewish village in Palestine. The central pumping station, which has been set up at Nir Am, will serve three areas: the eastern settlements, the western settlements and the Gevulot area. A chain of electrically-operated pumping stations will be installed for each area. The overall length of the line is 109 miles.—H. J. Shepstone.

THEY EAGERLY AWAIT THE COMING OF THE REGULAR WATER SUPPLY : The settlers of Mishmar Hanegev, who will benefit immensely from the new pipe-line

RESTORING REMBRANDT'S "NIGHT WATCH"

Much Interesting Detail Revealed by the Cleansing Process

Picture restoration is very much a vexed question these days, as those who saw some of the Velasquez masterpieces at the National Gallery Exhibition will be prepared to testify. In some instances there is little doubt that cleaning has gone too far, but, on the other hand, the patina of time, or, to put it more forthrightly, the collective coatings of the city's grime, are no less destructive. Perhaps the most perfect example of a patient and sympathetic restoration is now going on in Amsterdam, where Mr. H. H. Mertens is cleaning Rembrandt's *The Night Watch*. For the purpose he has removed the picture to a special gallery, and he is going about his task with characteristic restraint. Of the new detail revealed by the process many will admire the warm gold of the fabric of the lieutenant's uniform, once an unbecoming citron yellow, while both the little girls have now become clearly visible. The shaft of light, striking with renewed brilliance from left to right across the foreground, adds a touch of translucency and vitality to every figure

"THE NIGHT WATCH" BEFORE RESTORATION: Rembrandt's masterpiece, representing the high-watermark of his material success, a Corporation painting made for the Amsterdam Civic Guard, is one of the great treasures of the Rijksmuseum, Amsterdam. It is now undergoing most careful restoration in a special gallery of the museum where it is stretched on a temporary framework. The cleaning has revealed many long forgotten details in all their original richness

On left—**A COAT OF CITRON YELLOW BECOMES A COAT OF WARM GOLD: Mr. H. H. Mertens, the restorer, at work on the uniform of the lieutenant, one of the two central figures in Rembrandt's "The Night Watch." The dark patch shows the surface of the picture before cleansing**

LIEUT. WILHELM VAN RUYTENBURCH IS A NEW MAN: One of the central figures in "The Night Watch" as he appears now that the greater part of his clothing has been restored. Over the lieutenant's left boot and left side there is a column of untouched work, and this serves to emphasise the valuable nature of the restoration now being carried out by Mr. H. H. Mertens. The warm gold of the fabric has now been brought out in all its original colouring. Rembrandt very cleverly introduced into the embroidery of the tunic the Amsterdam coat-of-arms

On left—**THE SCIENTIST COMES TO THE AID OF THE ARTIST:** The restorer's work-table in the Rijksmuseum, Amsterdam, where with a print of the original picture to guide him Mr. Mertens mixes the chemicals with which he is achieving his wonderfully patient and sympathetic restoration of the Rembrandt masterpiece. This has been no hurried effort, and there seems to be every evidence that the picture is gaining immeasurably in the hands of the skilled restorer

BRITAIN'S ENDURING ARCHITECTURAL HERITAGE

Buildings, New and Old, Which Have Lately Figured in the News Headlines

A COAT OF PAINT FOR NELL GWYNN'S OLD HOME: No 61, Hopton Street, one of Southwark's oldest houses, is being redecorated. During more than 300 years of history it is said to have included among its tenants Nell Gwynn, Wren and Shelley. It was from one of the now bricked-in upper windows on the left that Mistress Gwynn may have looked out on the London of Stuart days

THIS IS SAID TO HAVE BEEN THE PANTRY OF NELL GWYNN'S HOUSE: Mrs. Henry Green, who has lived at 61, Hopton Street, Southwark, for the past fourteen years, preparing a meal in the old house. Coins, discs, wooden knives and forks, mostly belonging to the reign of George III, have all been found in the house, but its association with the King's favourite does not appear to be substantiated. It is known that Nell lodged at the Cock and Pie in Drury Lane, lived at Epsom with Lord Dorset, had a house in Leicester Square and owned Sandford Manor, but her biographers make no mention of Hopton Street

Below—A GEM OF TUDOR ARCHITECTURE TO BE PRESERVED FOR GOVERNMENT USE: This old Tudor house in Higher Street, Dartmouth, has been leased by the local council to the Ministry of National Insurance, and it is to be converted by the Ministry of Works into office accommodation. The front of the building is of much architectural interest, as also are the carved ceilings within. Another part of Dartmouth, the Butter Walk, suffered severely during the blitz, and last year it was announced that an attempt would be made to repair it

GUILDFORD CATHEDRAL MAKES SLOW PROGRESS: The great shrine as it is to-day with the chancel and transepts largely complete, but much further work still remaining to be done. Like many another project, the current labour and material shortage has almost halted progress. Work on the cathedral began in 1937 on the Stag Hill site overlooking the town. The work continued at a decreasing rate until 1941, and since then it has been more or less at a standstill. A portion of the completed cathedral is to be dedicated as a war memorial to Canadian forces who were stationed in this country before the invasion of North-West Europe. The anonymous donor of £10,000 who helped in large measure to buy the Stag Hill site outright is now revealed to have been the late Lord Bennett for many years Prime Minister of Canada

ONE OF THE STATELY COAL PALACES OF ENGLAND?—DALKEITH PALACE, ANCESTRAL HOME OF THE DUKES OF BUCCLEUCH, MAY BECOME THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE SCOTTISH DIVISION OF THE NATIONAL COAL BOARD: The mansion, lying eight miles from Edinburgh, has lately been surveyed by officials of the Board. It has not been used as a residence by the Dukes of Buccleuch since the start of the First World War. The Duke's largest home is Drumlanrig Castle, Dumfriesshire

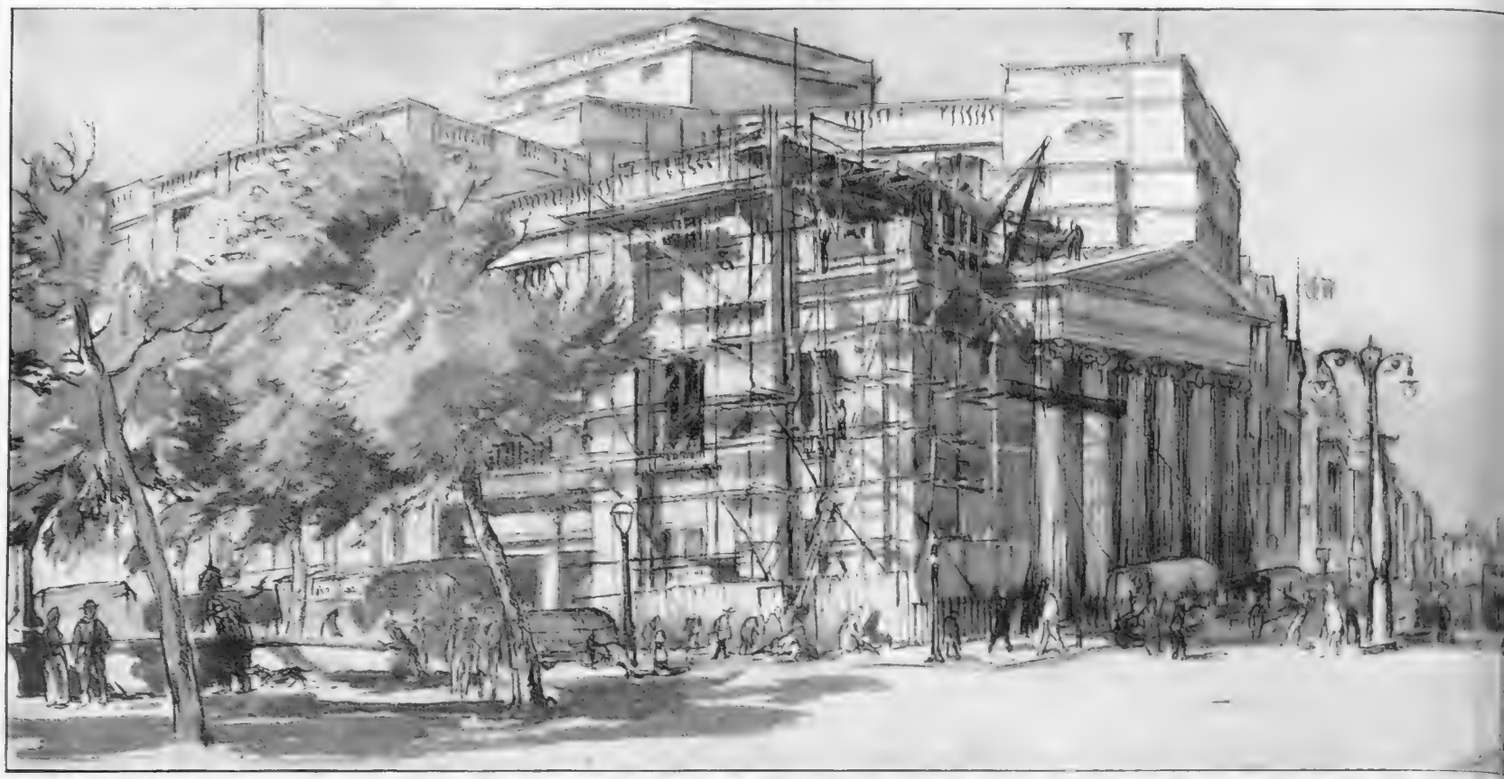
In its brief career the National Coal Board has gone in for real estate in a big way, and if it purchases Dalkeith Palace for its Scottish headquarters, this will make the ninth big mansion to come within the organisation. Himley Hall, home of the Earl of Dudley, was bought early this year and described by Sir Ben Smith as a bargain at £45,000. Beneath the adjoining grounds there lie many thousands of tons of open-cast coal. Since then Sherwood Lodge, Nottingham, has been purchased for £18,000, Lindley Lodge, Nuneaton, has been purchased for £10,000, and Ranmoor Hall, near Sheffield, has been purchased for £10,000. Dalkeith Palace, built in 1690 by Vanbrugh, stands in a park covering an area of 1,000 acres. At the moment the grounds have a deserted appearance, being much overgrown. Although the purchase of these old houses by the Coal Board may appear to be an extravagance, it can be argued that the rural accommodation is very much cheaper and more readily obtained than office accommodation in the industrial cities

NEW HOUSES, OLD STYLE—THE BEAUTY OF THE NATURAL COTSWOLD STONE: In keeping with the rural tone of the rest of the village these semi-detached dwellings have been built for Cheltenham Rural District Council at Snowshill, Gloucestershire. Although the Ministry agreed to a higher price for these houses as they were in Cotswold stone, a local builder put them up at no greater cost than if brick had been employed. Snowshill is considered one of the most beautiful of the Cotswold villages, and everything is being done by the authorities to preserve its old-world atmosphere. Cheltenham Rural District Council is distinctly enterprising in its housing schemes and only recently erected experimentally a number of prefabricated dwellings bought in Sweden

COLLEGE IN A CASTLE: Girl students, who are training to be teachers, at work in the richly ornate library of Elvaston Castle, near Derby. Elvaston, seat of the Earl of Harrington, was taken over as a teachers' school during the war and it is still continuing in that role

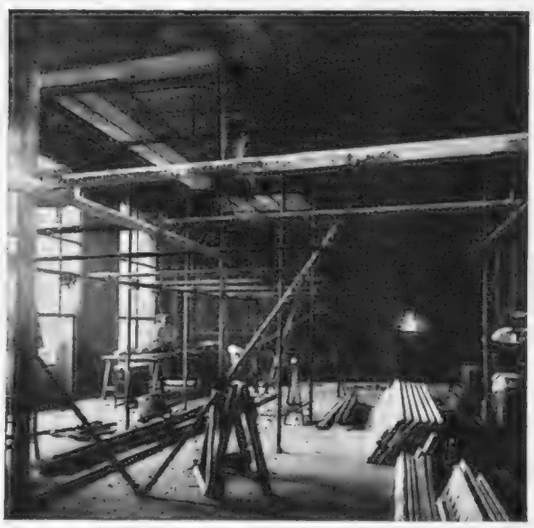
Elvaston Castle, seat of the Earls of Harrington, is celebrated for its great Gothic hall. The ceiling of the hall is blue and adorned with gold stars and heavy gilt fan vaulting, while the walls are red, with golden stars. Arranged above a huge coat-of-arms over the main fireplace is a collection of rapiers, swords and daggers. During the war Elvaston was a perfect retreat for the students, and they were able to pursue their studies far from the sound of the blitz which descended upon many of the Midland cities. A major feature of the teacher training course at Elvaston is the instruction given in pottery in the open-fire bakery within the castle. The spacious kitchen quarters have become a laboratory for the science students

MID-MORNING BREAK AT ELVASTON: Girl students strolling past the south front of their castle school near Derby. Elvaston was requisitioned during the blitz, but it will not be handed back until the present course is complete



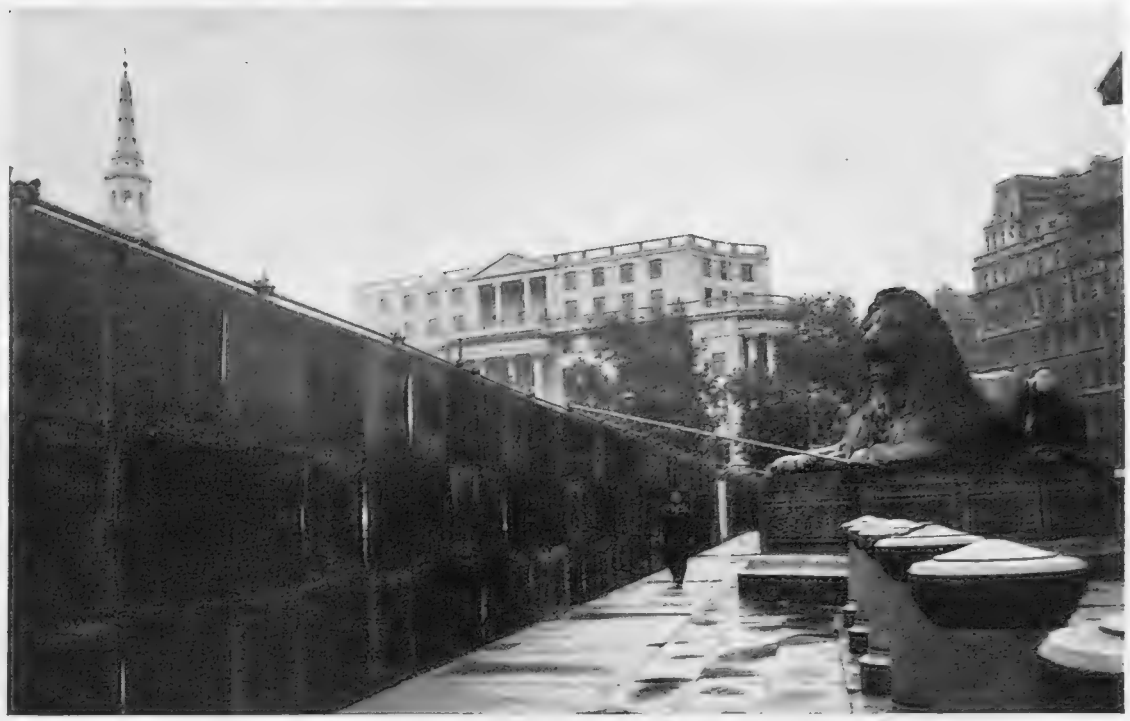
REPAIRING THE BOMB-DAMAGED ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE: The building, which was designed by Sir Robert Smirke and opened on June 25, 1825, is situated at the north-west corner of the square, with a frontage on Pall Mall East. One hundred and fifteen years after its opening, in June 1940, a bomb pierced the iron roof and the building was badly damaged. It is now undergoing internal and external repair—*Drawing by W. P. Robins*

THE DAMAGED LECTURE HALL OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS: It is on the top floor and took the full blast of the bomb



THE MAIN SALON AND THE ENTRANCE HALL OF THE COLLEGE: The Royal College of Physicians has had several homes since its original charter was granted by Henry VIII. The first site was in Knightrider Street, where it remained from 1518 until 1614. It then moved to Amen Corner. While there it was in danger of bankruptcy, due to Cromwell's demands, but the situation was saved by Dr. Baldwin Hamey. In 1653 a new museum was obtained which was entirely destroyed by the Great Fire in 1666. The books and records alone were saved. Next, a site was found in Warwick Lane and a building designed by Sir Christopher Wren, whose associate, Hooke, took an active part in its erection. But this building must have been neglected, for it became dilapidated and, in 1814, an Act of Parliament was passed to permit the College to move to the present site in Pall Mall East

On right—**ALL THAT REMAINS OF CHELSEA OLD CHURCH: The temporary structure built to protect the south-east corner of the church, which includes the More Chapel.** The historic Chelsea Old Church was almost entirely destroyed after the main blitz on London had eased. The More Chapel (which partially survived) is so-called because it was rebuilt by Sir Thomas More in 1528, and it was here that he acted as a server at the Altar, bore the processional cross and sang in the choir with the other parishioners. The More Chapel contained many beautiful and historic monuments and some of these are intact. The most striking is the tomb of Sir Robert Stanley (1632), which stands in the East window. It is of alabaster, the coats-of-arms being painted in gold and colours. Figures representing Justice and Fortitude stand by the urns. To the right of the Stanley tomb, in the far corner of the chapel, are the remains of one of the most interesting tombs in the church, that of the Duchess of Northumberland (1555). This tomb was made to resemble that of Chaucer in Westminster Abbey. In 1832 it was broken up, by an act of vandalism. Only three of the five brasses were preserved. As late as 1910 a fragment of stone was discovered, which, it was thought, was part of the original tomb



OUTSIDE THE IRON CURTAIN IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE: A recent view of the north side of the square, facing the National Gallery, with the spire of St. Martin-in-the-Fields to the left and South Africa House in the background. The wall has been erected so that alterations, which were discussed a short time ago in Parliament, can be effected. Busts of Admirals Beatty and Jellicoe are to be placed, close to the north wall of the square, following a decision made over twelve years ago. The inner basins are to be wired for floodlighting, and microphones and loud-speakers for amplification of public meetings are to be installed

REPAIRING WESTMINSTER

Restoration of the Royal College of Physicians and of Westminster Hall

On right—**REPAIRING THE ROOF OF WESTMINSTER HALL: The original hammer-beam roof was badly damaged during the blitz.** Westminster Hall is still substantially the same as it was when it was built by William Rufus in 1097 as a banqueting hall to the palace of the Confessor. It has been altered and enlarged and the floor was raised a few feet by Sir Charles Barry, when the Houses of Parliament were being built. It was almost totally destroyed by fire in 1291 and was rebuilt by Edward II. In 1398 Richard II remodelled and enlarged it, and it was then that the famous hammer-beam roof was installed, using timber from the Courthope Estate in Essex. A copy of the original contract exists and states "Bought for the King for this Hall at Westminster, great oaks from Courthope of Wadhurst." Oak from the same estate is now being used to restore the roof. Lord Courthope, a former Assistant Controller of Timber Supplies, is chairman of the Forestry Consultative Committee for England. Westminster Hall is, with the exception of a hall at Padua, the largest room in Europe unsupported by pillars. The hammer-beam roof is said to be the finest in the world. It has been restored at various times and was strengthened with steel between 1920 and 1923: 3,000 cubic ft. of timber are being used for the present work, which is expected to occupy at least two years—*Drawing by Dennis Flanders*

SUNNINGHILL PARK, NEAR ASCOT—RUMOUR HAS LINKED THIS FINE COUNTRY HOUSE WITH THE NAME OF PRINCESS ELIZABETH, AND IT IS BELIEVED THAT SHE MAY TAKE UP RESIDENCE THERE AFTER HER MARRIAGE IN THE AUTUMN TO LIEUT. PHILIP MOUNTBATTEN: Of recent months a Royal Air Force maintenance unit has been billeted at Sunninghill, but shortly before the announcement of the Royal betrothal it was given twenty-four hours to quit. Equipment was speedily carted away by lorry, and huts, built in the spacious grounds during the war years, were marked for more or less immediate demolition

THE STAIRCASE AT SUNNINGHILL PARK: An interior view of the mansion which may shortly be taken over by the Princess

Rumours and denials have followed each other in swift succession regarding the future plans of Princess Elizabeth. Even before her betrothal it was rumoured strongly, and, of course, denied emphatically, that she would soon set up her own household. Now the Royal engagement makes it more or less certain that the Princess will have both a town and country residence.

Both Bagshot and Sunninghill, which have been mentioned frequently of late in connection with the Royal plans, would make admirable country residences owing to their proximity both to London and Windsor. Of the two, Sunninghill is the simpler and infinitely the more attractive.

As regards a town residence for the Princess, reports have indicated that after her marriage she may for the time being occupy with her husband a suite in Buckingham Palace.

On the other hand, it is possible that No. 3, Belgrave Square, former home of the Duchess of Kent, or Clarence House, adjoining St. James's Palace, may be put into the necessary repair. Clarence House has no very startling history. It was for some years the residence of Queen Victoria's mother, the Duchess of Kent, the Coburg Princess who married the fourth son of George III.

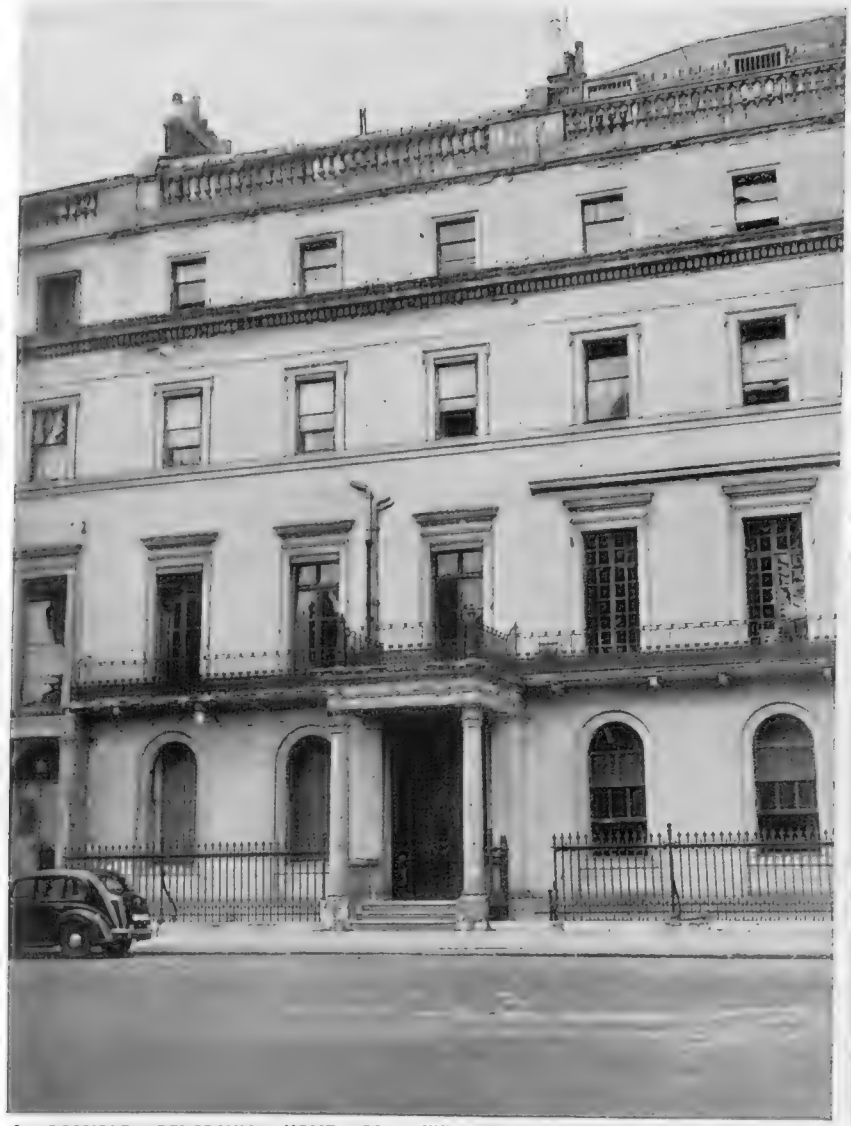
In 1874 Clarence House was assigned as a residence for the Duke aud Duchess of Edinburgh, and during their time there they made many improvements, including the addition of an entire new storey. The Duke of Edinburgh married the daughter of Tsar Alexander II of Russia in 1874, and nineteen years later succeeded his uncle, Ernest II, as Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. It was then that Clarence House passed to his younger brother, the Duke of Connaught.

THE BRIDGE ACROSS THE LAKE AT SUNNINGHILL: A picturesque scene in the garden of what may be the Royal mansion. At the time of writing, no arrangements have been made for the setting up of a separate establishment by the Princess, and the necessary funds will have to be voted by Parliament after the Privy Council has agreed upon the marriage

WHERE WILL THE PRINCESS LIVE?

Some Town and Country Houses Which Have Been Suggested

BAGSHOT PARK, SURREY, ANOTHER POSSIBLE CHOICE—THE FORMER HOME OF THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT WHICH WOULD ALSO MAKE AN ADMIRABLE RESIDENCE FOR THE PRINCESS: Bagshot Park is the property of the Crown, and was for years occupied by the Duke of Connaught, third son of Queen Victoria. The late Crown Princess of Sweden was born there in 1882. Parts of the building date back to the time of James I. The place lacks the natural charm of Sunninghill.



A POSSIBLE BELGRAVIA HOME FOR THE ROYAL COUPLE—NO. 3, BELGRAVE SQUARE, THE FORMER TOWN HOUSE OF THE DUCHESS OF KENT: To-day, as a result of the unrepaired ravages of the war years, No. 3 has a rather dilapidated appearance, but not a great deal requires to be done to prepare it for occupation. At the time of writing, opinion is rather more in favour of Clarence House becoming the town residence of the Royal couple. This is situated near St. James's Palace. The Princess herself was born in Bruton Street, and one of her early London homes was No. 145 Piccadilly, a casualty in the days of the blitz. As the accompanying pictures show, Clarence House is very much larger than No. 3 Belgrave Square

THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO CLARENCE HOUSE: Built in 1825 for the Duke of Clarence, who later became William IV, the residence then passed into the hands of the Duke of Edinburgh, Queen Victoria's second son, and on his death to her third son, the Duke of Connaught, Princess Elizabeth's great-great-uncle

CLARENCE HOUSE LOOKS OUT UPON THE MALL—A REAR VIEW OF THE RESIDENCE WHICH WAS OCCUPIED IN TURN BY TWO OF QUEEN VICTORIA'S SONS: It abuts directly upon St. James's Palace and, like Marlborough House, the residence of Queen Mary, it has a fine outlook across St. James's Park. The building is not quite 125 years old. Extensive improvements were made by the Duke of Edinburgh. The place is not marked by any great distinction of style

EDRICH, COMPTON, AND A SPATE OF CENTURIES

Some Highlights of a Season of Bright Cricket

DENIS COMPTON IS ALWAYS MASTER OF THE SITUATION : The Middlesex batsman whose form in County and Test matches this year and whose partnerships with his friend Bill Edrich have enlivened the summer game as never before. Here he is making a prodigious hit to score his sixth century of the season in the Old Trafford Test. Last week, when Middlesex played Leicester, Compton was even more forceful. The "terrible pair," as Edrich and Compton are coming to be known, flogged the bowling to a standstill

EDRICH PULLS A SIX OVER THE HEADS OF THE LEG FIELDSMEN : Compton's incomparable partner in play in the Third Test, when he just missed his double century. In the Leicestershire game last week he captained his side and scored 257, the highest of his career, thus bringing his batting average to a little over 110 runs per completed innings

A SOUTH AFRICAN MASTER : Dudley Nourse, here seen being bowled by the ubiquitous Edrich after compiling a masterly Test century, has been rather over-shadowed by his colleagues in County games, but two fighting Test innings have shown that he is one of the most accomplished and fluent bats in the game to-day

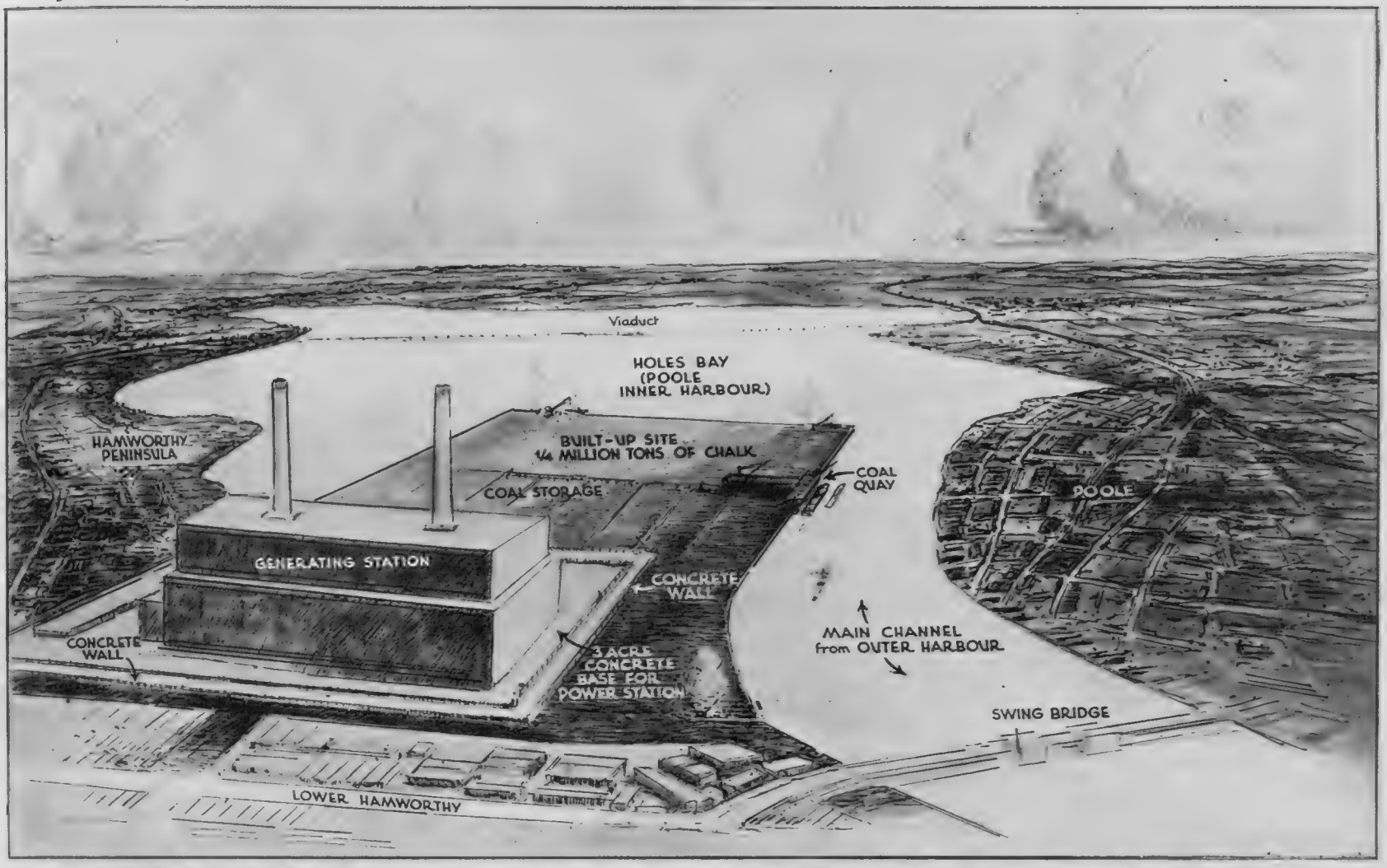
SOUTH AFRICA'S CAPTAIN HEADS THE AVERAGES : Melville has had a good season. When he brought the team to England he could find no really adequate opening partner for Bruce Mitchell. So he included himself and the result was a sparkling 189 in the First Test

If cricket was to survive the war most lovers of the game recognised that it was vitally necessary that the game be brightened, that we have no more of those dour displays that sometimes characterised cricket between the wars. The result in 1946 was a well-fought County championship, and now in 1947 not only are Middlesex and Gloucestershire fighting for Yorkshire's already lost crown, but the Middlesex batsmen in particular, and the County players in general, are treating us to a feast of runs gathered at lightning speed. Foremost in this drive for brighter cricket are that incredible "terrible pair," Denis Compton and Bill Edrich. Their performance at Leicester last week, when over 600 runs were compiled in a day, was spectacular to a degree, and in one hectic half-hour no fewer than ninety runs went on to the scoreboard. The South Africans—and what more sporting touring side have we ever had over here?—have also contributed to this feast of brighter cricket, and both Melville and Nourse have given us some superlative innings in the season to date. As for Edrich, with his average at the time of writing at a shade over 110, his hurricane bowling and his energetic fielding, he has made himself the greatest all-rounder in the game. It is only to be hoped that Yardley will not overwork him in the Tests, even though he is such a glutton for hard work.

With all these runs on the board the County bowlers are having a lean season. The Eton and Harrow match, which also produced a spate of runs showed that there are no potentially menacing bowlers in either of these sides, and it is to be hoped that the public schools are not neglecting this side of the game

ETON'S NO. 10 WHO SCORED A CENTURY : On the first day of the Eton and Harrow match, Harrow declared at 266 for five wickets and soon had Eton in trouble. Sainsbury the opening bowler who usually goes in tenth in the Eton batting order, was promoted to fill the gap. This picture was taken on the second day when he had collared the Harrow bowling and was proceeding merrily towards a chanceless century. Sainsbury hit hard and confidently

ANOTHER ETON CENTURION : T. Hare compiled 103 runs in Eton's innings when he partnered Sainsbury in a big stand. Hare's last year's promise was abundantly fulfilled He has grace and quality in all his strokes and a straight bat in defence. He is quite obviously destined for further fame in University and County cricket. The Harrow captain, Hoyer-Millar, is seen behind the stumps in this picture. He did not bat in either Harrow innings



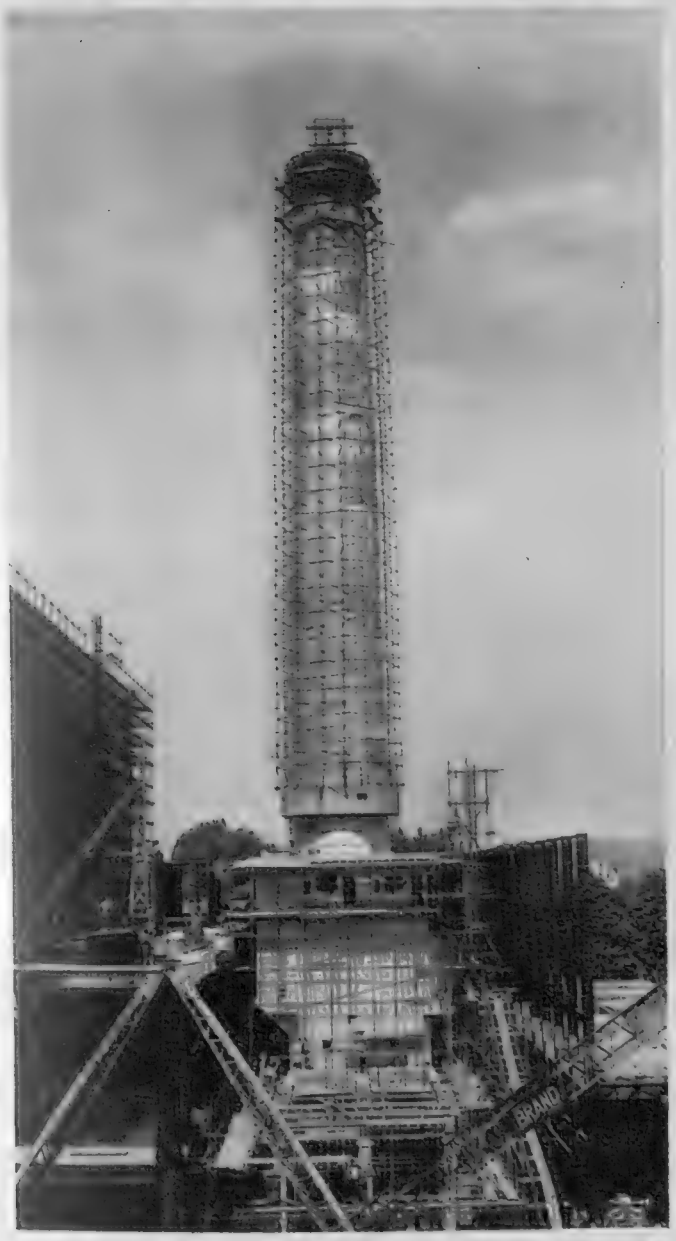
A POWER STATION BUILT ON MUD—A MIGHTY SCHEME COMES INTO BEING IN THE POOLE HARBOUR AREA: An artist's impression of the £7,000,000 generating station, which it is expected will be completed by 1950 and which will supply over 150,000 kilowatts to the grid system. The first task of raising the site above high-water-level has been completed, 250,000 tons of chalk having been brought to the harbour for the purpose and laid down on the mud-flats. The generating station itself will be built up above a concrete platform 25 ft. to 40 ft. deep—*Drawing by Percy Home*

POOLE *and* KINGSTON

Two New Power Stations to Meet the Vital Needs of Industry in the South

Coal, Electricity, Exports, Houses. These are Britain's top priorities, but the order of them is not easy to determine, and, after all, one is very much interconnected with the others. Despite export and housing requirements, however, much is being done to meet our future electricity needs, and the Poole and Kingston generating stations are examples of what is being achieved. These two projects will together supply nearly 300,000 kilowatts. Two other capital power stations of similar capacity are also being constructed in the south.

At the moment in the whole of Britain site work is in operation on sixty-three building projects which will house plant capable of generating over 5,260,000 k.w., while plans for thirteen further projects are already under way. It has to be remembered, however, that the demand for electricity has been increasing at the rate of 700,000 k.w. a year, and that it is still growing. The Poole scheme is of particular interest in that the power station is having to be built on the land reclaimed from the mud, and it will be seen in the above drawing how the problem is being tackled



KINGSTON'S NEW POWER STATION: One of the two 250-ft. reinforced concrete chimneys. Kingston, like Poole, is one of the four new capital generating stations in the south

AS THE SHUTTERING CLIMBS SKYWARD: The second of the two main chimneys of the new Kingston generating station beginning to rise above the site. At this point the chimney had reached a height of about 50 ft. On the right of the chimney is the elevator framework. The newly-mixed cement is carried up the lift from the mixer at the base and is poured into the shuttering. After this section has set, the woodwork is removed and the process is repeated on the next level. The Kingston station will generate about 120,000 kilowatts

MAINLY FROM LONDON

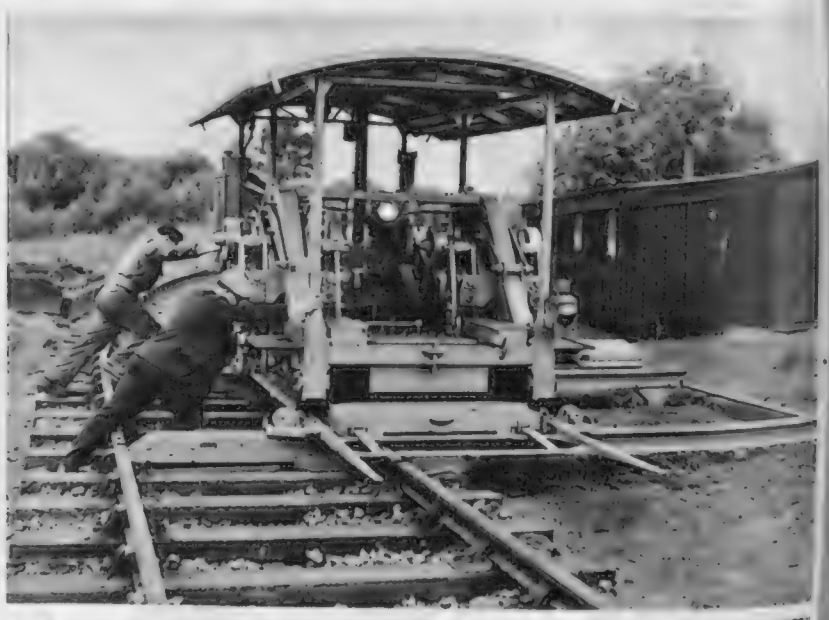
A Record of the Home News in Pictures

As soon as the news of the Anglo-Uruguayan Agreement became known in London, an agreement which provides for the dispatch of a British Mission to Montevideo to discuss the sale of the British-owned railways. buyers crowded into the Stock Exchange as Central Uruguay Debentures and other holdings spurted to new high levels. This follows a similar pact carried out with respect to the Argentine Railways, where Britain once had a £400,000,000 stake. Among the smaller items included in the pact is the provision of bursaries for Uruguayan students in Britain. The signing of the pact took place in Mr. Bevin's room at the Foreign Office, but at the time the Foreign Secretary was still absent in Paris

THE SIGNING OF THE ANGLO-URUGUAYAN AGREEMENT IN MR. BEVIN'S ROOM AT THE FOREIGN OFFICE : Señor Ferreora (seated at the head of the table), Secretary of the Uruguayan Mission to London, Dr. Gustavo Gallinal (in the act of signing), the leader of the Mission, and on his left Sir Orme Sargent (Mr. Bevin's representative), seen as they concluded their agreement on the sterling balances. Part of the £17,000,000 involved will go towards the purchase of the British-owned railways in Uruguay

EVEN SOUTH AFRICA IS SEEKING OUR TURF PRIZES : The champion sprinter Gambut, trained by "Chubb" Leach at Newmarket, has come over here from the Cape in search of British Turf honours. Gambut is reputed to be very fast out of the gate, and, at the time of writing, his first racecourse performance is awaited eagerly. The Americans are also looking to Britain for racecourse honours. Many of the American owners are planning to renew their racing associations over here on a pre-war scale

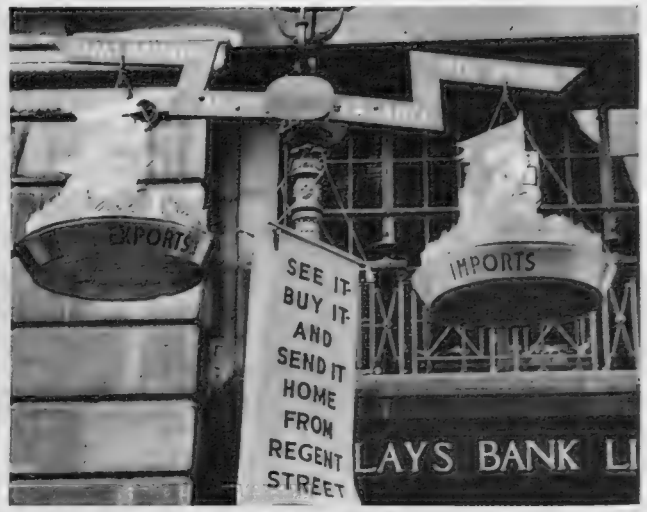
POLO RESTARTS IN LONDON—A ROUGH-AND-TUMBLE DURING THE AMERICAN TOURNAMENT AT HENLEY : W. Walsh (of "Ham") and M. Hymans (of Henley "B") coming into collision with the goal-post and falling from their horses during a goal-mouth tussle for possession of the ball. The basketwork goal is recoiling from the impact. One of the players is about to fall on his back, the other gives the appearance of stepping from the saddle. This tournament between "Ham," Henley "A" and Henley "B" was the first to be held in London since the war



THE "MATISA" HAS A WAY WITH THE PERMANENT WAY—AN UNUSUAL MACHINE AT WORK ON THE HARWICH BRANCH OF THE LONDON NORTH-EASTERN RAILWAY : The "Matisa" is a tamping machine of Swiss manufacture, forcing ballast under sleepers in order to consolidate the track. *Left*—**The machine is passed by the Scandinavian boat train.** *Right*—**Despite its eight tons it can be pushed aside swiftly by means of the de-railer, thus making way for traffic**

Much time and shovel-work is saved by the "Matisa," the Swiss machine now being tried out in the Harwich district. It can deal with a sleeper in about fifteen seconds, and in a day's work it can consolidate many hundreds of yards of permanent way. If the "Matisa" is brought into general use it is expected that it will reduce to a marked degree the period during which trains must travel at slow speeds over newly-laid sections. The right-hand picture shows how the "Matisa" is jacked up on to subsidiary lateral wheels and can thus be pushed aside

GARDEN PARTY AT NO. 10—THE PRIME MINISTER AND MRS. ATTLEE ENTERTAIN ON ST. SWITHIN'S DAY IN AID OF A FAVOURITE CHARITY, KING GEORGE'S FUND FOR SAILORS : A view of the lawns behind No. 10, Downing Street during the party. Mr. Attlee is standing on the right. During the afternoon the Prime Minister made a speech on behalf of the Fund, stating its vital needs



REGENT STREET HAS BEEN HOLDING AN EXPORT WEEK : One of the lamp-post decorations which serve as a reminder of Britain's need to balance imports and exports, and at the same time suggest to the overseas visitor that in Regent Street may be found the opportunity of buying a present to send home. This is the first time Regent Street has been decorated on other than a Royal occasion. The scheme has been introduced by Regent Street traders

QUEEN MARY AND HER BROTHER AT A ST. JAMES'S PALACE GARDEN PARTY : Her Majesty, accompanied by the Earl of Athlone, passing the guard of honour of nurses. The Garden Party was held in connection with the Diamond Jubilee Appeal of the Queen's Institute of District Nursing. £400,000 is urgently required to provide for Queen's District Nurses who, on account of age, will not benefit from the new superannuation scheme. During the afternoon Queen Mary presented long-service badges to many of the nurses

A NEW DRESS FOR THE KNIGHTS OF THE ROAD : What the well-dressed A.A. patrolman is wearing in 1947. The old beltless dog-collar tunic now gives way to a smarter open-necked collar-and-tie style, with a belt of similar material to the tunic. The polished brass armlet is now no longer worn, and the first-aid pouch, formerly slung over the shoulder, is carried in the motor-cycle service outfit

THE NEW STANDARD IS BUILT ON THE AMERICAN PLAN : The Standard Vanguard (right) passing a modern American Ford saloon outside the American Embassy in Grosvenor Square. The Standard Vanguard, departing markedly from British tradition, is a 4-cylinder 16-h.p. six-seater family saloon, having a top speed of 75 m.p.h. and a petrol consumption of 27 miles per gallon. Special features include flush-fitting door-handles, a gear shift on the steering column, and an anti-thief lock on the dashboard. The car is expected to sell overseas for about £400, but will be dearer for purchasers at home

THE LAND CRUISER : Another view of the new Standard Vanguard. By concentrating on this model the producers are able to keep the price comparatively low. It yet remains to be seen if body-design on these lines will appeal to conservative British tastes

HOW MR. RANK GROOMS FOR STARDOM

"The Company of Youth" at Highbury, where Budding Screen Stars Acquire Technique

By CHARLES GRAVES

NINE pretty girls and three presentable young men were counting "One, two, three, four" to a tune from *Annie Get Your Gun*, played by a pianist in a large hall in North London, as they went through a series of motions. Red-headed Freddie Carpenter stopped the performance every few moments and gave further instructions. Then the pianist tinkled out the tune again and the routine went on. I watched for half an hour. One of the girls wore Prussian-blue trousers down to her ankles; another wore a maroon pair of slacks rolled up to knee-length; the other girls wore various cheap cotton dresses. The three young men wore flannel trousers and white shirts. This had been going on for an hour and a half before my arrival. Finally, there came a welcome "break." The girls went to a mirror and combed their hair and generally made themselves presentable. The young men sighed deeply and put on their jackets. This dozen of young people were the exact human equivalent of twelve Beckhampton yearlings, except that the yearlings would have been worth much more on the hoof at the moment, but were liable to earn much less in years to come.

The caption above will have already disclosed the fact that I have been paying a visit to Mr. Rank's School of Acting at Highbury. Officially known as "The Company of Youth," a rather affected label, this is where future English film stars, both men and women, are being manufactured. But it is as far a cry from Highbury to real stardom as it is from Highbury to the first stage of becoming a film star.

Every week 300 letters from would-be film actors and film actresses, from their cousins, their sisters, their aunts and agents, reach the Rank Organisation. Two hundred of these are quite hopeless. The remainder are screened again and again, leaving twenty to be seen personally by David Henley, the head of PIFFLE—I beg your pardon, of Production Facilities (Films), Ltd.—that province of the Rank empire which handles all artistes, among other things. In addition to the letters and the agents, who telephone for appointments with a photograph of their latest discovery or the latest discovery herself, there are the six talent scouts who scour every music hall, repertory theatre and suburban arts theatre for likely newcomers to the screen.

So much for the different ways in which the would-be film actor or actress gets a chance of an interview with David Henley in what used to be Lord Aberconway's beautiful house in South Street, Mayfair. Once ushered into the gigantic salon and invited to sit down for a personal scrutiny by the disillusioned, yet permanently hopeful David, the aspirant is subjected to a formidable harangue, which goes something like this: "Why do you think you are going to be a film star? There are 50,000,000 people in Great Britain. We make thirty-five pictures a year, for which we have twenty leading ladies. To keep the ball rolling we need only to start two girls a year. Now, of the 50,000,000 people in Great Britain, 25,000,000 million are females, of which 6,000,000 or 7,000,000 are the same age as yourself. What you have got to say to yourself is 'I am going to be one of those two girls. This means that I will have to persuade every woman that I am better-looking; that I am better than the other 6,000,000 or 7,000,000 acting; and compel all of them to pay money to see me on the screen because I am so good.' Now, I repeat, why *do* you want to be a film star?" It is seldom, indeed, that the aspirant will give the correct answer, which is—"I don't want to be a film star. I just want to be a good actress." A kid of seventeen said that last week, and was immediately told "You 're in."

Being "in" means (a) two or three weeks with expenses paid at Highbury Training School, following which, if approved, comes a real salary every week for six months for further tuition, followed again—if the option is taken up—by another six months with the same rate of pay. Thereafter, individual contracts alter, both from the point of view of increase in salary and for the length of contract, which may be anything from seven to ten years, with annual increments.

Girls accepted are, as a rule, not less than sixteen and not more than twenty-three. Young men tend to be rather older, between twenty-four and thirty.

At the present minute the school has ten girls and eight young men under tuition. Their hours of attendance are from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. There is a Principal—Miss Molly Terraine—and eight other coaches who teach fencing, elocution, drama, physical training, movement, and so forth. Horse riding and motor-car driving are not yet in the curriculum, but, no doubt, will soon be included. A few yards away from the hall where all this tuition takes place are the Highbury Studios which Mr. Rank has acquired for the purpose of making "curtain raisers." In other words, second-feature films lasting about three-quarters of an hour. The purpose of these curtain-raisers is twofold. They will take the place of the present "B" films imported from the United States, and will provide practical training for the future film stars. This training can be anything from playing a second leading part, such as John Stone will have in *Colonel Bogey*, to walking-on parts which will eliminate camera shyness on the part of the prospective starlets. John Croydon, who is producing these curtain-raisers, is genuinely enthusiastic about his job of breaking in the youngsters. He keeps in close contact with all of them; reads their monthly confidential reports and takes the greatest care not to give them larger parts than they can play. He tests them. He gives them auditions. He makes them read small parts in tests (known as stooging). He gives them confidence without encouraging swelled heads.

Every now and then the youngsters are sent off to the repertory theatre at Worthing, which is in close touch with the Rank Organisation, so that they can act before live audiences, rather like greyhounds sent off to chase a live hare before returning to the electrical rabbit. Personal appearances—giving prizes at speedway meetings and dog shows, appearing at mannequin parades and millinery exhibitions—all tend to groom these young persons for stardom, giving them poise and confidence, getting their faces known in advance to their future public, and maintaining their original enthusiasm.

For the average film aspirant has no idea of the hard work and drudgery necessary to-day to become a real star. Most of them think, in the first instance, that all they have got to do is to be their own attractive selves to secure a £500-a-week contract. The mental shock when they discover how much they have got to learn in the way of deportment, breathing, elocution, and a dozen different subjects quite apart from acting itself, is considerable. First of all, they need to acquire a speaking voice which is intelligible to American audiences as well as to ours—John Mills and Ann Todd are two good examples of people who have voices which are not regarded as affected by the critical United States audiences. The South African public, by the way, cannot understand Cockney; other Dominions and Colonies are equally allergic to anything but the "cosmopolitan" voice. (In a way, it is a pity that dialect is becoming more and more taboo on the screen. The fact remains, however, that if a Yorkshireman cannot understand Somerset, it is anti-box office to encourage accents which must be all the more unintelligible to people living thousands of miles away.)

Elocution, therefore, plays a big part in the curriculum at Highbury. There are also lectures from producers, cameramen, sound experts and directors. The youngsters are taught all about the mike, which is both a curse and a blessing. In the same way, they are taught about make-up, dress and movement. Fencing is a particularly important part of the curriculum, not because any of these youngsters are likely to take part in a film where a duel will be put on the screen, but because fencing is regarded as one of the best ways in which to learn graceful movement and poise. Physical jerks are also taught, with what must seem deadly monotony to film-struck girls who think there is a short cut to stardom.

Of the twelve youngsters whom I saw at Highbury, I picked out Zena Marshall, Pat Owens, Rosemary Treston and Peter Murray as being likely to hit the neon lights within the next three years. One would have thought that there must be a good deal of jealousy among these prospective film stars when one of them is given a small part in a real production. In fact, after having watched them doing their routine, I had mentally sketched out a plot for a film in which the ambitions and the rivalries of the students could lead to all kinds of interesting situations. I was assured by Miss Roylance, whose job it is to be their universal aunt, that as far as she could tell they all got along like that proverbial misnomer—a happy family.

The reason, by the way, that I saw only a dozen of them simultaneously was that the remaining six were either at Worthing, making personal appearances, playing "bit" parts in current productions, or stooging. One of them, Peggy Evans, has been loaned to Henry Sherek for his new play, *My Wives and I*.

Pretty soon the school will be transferred from Highbury to Central London. In the meantime, David Henley says that there is no difficulty in finding talent. The real trouble is to teach the youngsters, who need character and enthusiasm as well as a flair for acting if they are to succeed. At the moment he is only looking for boys and girls who, when polished, will be glamorous.

THE TECHNIQUE OF SCREEN LOVE-MAKING: Prompted by Miss Molly Terraine and watched by other members of the company, Shaun Noble and Susan Shaw learn the differences between private demonstrations of affection and those which are recorded by sharp-lensed cameras under the glare of arc lights. Whatever they do the loving couple must not move their feet from the chalked positions or the cameraman will have something to say about it. This picture was taken at the Highbury Studios, where Mr. James Rank has organised "The Company of Youth," a training ground for budding screen players. On the left are Zena Marshall and Sonia Holm. The couple on the right are Calder Wood and Pat Goddard

THE OLD TRIANGLE: Peter Murray, Sonia Holm and Shaun Noble in an emotional scene at the Highbury Studios, where they are learning film technique

BIRDS and BEASTS are HEADLINE NEWS

"YOUNG BILL"—THE FELIXSTOWE FOUNDLING: This baby seal, rescued from dogs who were worrying it on the foreshore at Felixstowe, has found sanctuary in the home of Inspector James Dennis, an R.S.P.C.A. official, of Ipswich, and here he is posing for a photograph in the arms of Mrs. Dennis. Young Bill—so called because his moustache is a mere shadow of the Old Bill variety—has no teeth and sticks to milk and cod liver oil

POOKY LIL MUCH PREFERS LONDON TO SOUTHERN RHODESIA: This Moholi Bush Baby lived for a while as a pet in a Mayfair flat together with her husband, Pooky. They were the pets of a Miss Price. When the owner left by air for Rhodesia she intended to take her pets with her, but Pooky Lil decided she preferred the bright lights and evaded capture until after the plane had gone. However, her life in Mayfair luxury was over, and Head Keeper Graves, of the London Zoo, took her away to the safety of the rodent house in Regent's Park. Her big saucer eyes reflect the photographer

HE HAS THE ENTREE TO THE CAPTAIN'S DECK: Corporal Sooner, mascot of the Marine detachment in the United States battleship "New Jersey," climbing the ladder to the bridge. Corporal Sooner, a fine cocker spaniel, wears a Marine Corps uniform with gold chevrons and a tight collar of Marine pattern. When the "New Jersey" visited Portsmouth earlier in the month the Corporal won the admiration of the visitors to the ship

"BE IT EVER SO HUMBLE . . .": Perched on the side of the clothes-peg bag that hangs in the yard of Mrs. J. W. Sinett's Chicago home, a wren returns to his mate with a feather for the nest. This is the second year in succession that the wrens have chosen Mrs. Sinett's clothes-peg bag for this purpose

CAST IN MAN'S IMAGE: The Tarsier, most primitive of all members of man's family, seen on arrival at Oakland, California, where it was brought by air from Mindanao in the Philippine Islands, together with eighty-one other animals collected by Charles Wharton, a young zoologist. Of the eighty-one specimens thirty-one are Tarsiers. Mr. Wharton plans to sell them to American Zoological Societies. The Tarsier is smaller than the European squirrel but is of similar arboreal habits. It is remarkable for the enormous size of its eyes

New Lamps and Old

GOLF IS THE GAME TO WATCH

And of All Games the One I Cared Least to Play

Says JOHN GORE

SPECTATOR OF SPORT.—The very sensible aim of all concerned with national sports to-day is to induce and encourage all who can, to take their recreations in playing rather than in watching them. There are far too many watchers and far too few players of our national sports among the active still. It is true that the ideal appears to be inoperative in certain sports, such as racing, dog-racing, mechanical or otherwise, polo, and big-scale yacht-racing. For one reason or other, these sports are not open to active participation by the general public. But it is, of course, merely loose definition that could lump them in a class with active sports.

"Is thy servant a dog that he should *do* this thing" is, for instance, the straight answer of the young man who wastes all his recreational time and half his money on the dogs. None the less, this State-encouraged, tax-free industry keeps him from healthier active pursuits, as does horse-racing. With these, however, he can offer the excuse that in any case it is not open to him to participate actively. Still more young men, it is probable, are kept from participation in active sports by their addiction to watching high-class professional play. League and cup football matches draw their hundreds of thousands of watchers at the time of day when many might themselves be playing in humbler games. But it is only fair to add that if even a quarter of those who watch Saturday big football demanded instead the means to play, the demand would be a big tax on our limited agricultural acreage. None the less, the movement to increase the players and reduce mere spectators of sports for the young and active, is having encouraging results, as is evidenced by the surprising revival of football and cricket clubs in village life. It is a significant fact that the young men in country districts are prepared to give the whole of a long summer afternoon's holiday to the slow old game of cricket.

But so far what I have written is by the way. My present concern is with the older folk, who, active in their youth and devoted to games, no longer enjoy the strength and health required to participate in them. Henceforth, for me (who never cared for croquet) all games are spectacles, and I am concerned to list and rank them in order of merit as spectacles. That order is never long constant, it depends on many conditions which pass and recur, on conditions of mind, of weather, of season and of setting.

I dare not make a definitive declaration that my idea of bliss as an inactive games-fan is to watch a Test match from the pavilion top at Lord's. For I know very well that the weather plays as large a part in that enchantment as do the players or the luck of the game. A Test match at Lord's is often boring, disappointing, or positively depressing. On that same day, it might be, the weather which spoils the perfection of a Test match at Lord's may be ensuring the magic of a foursome played on a superb down-course on the Dorset coast by Dai Rees, M. Faulkner and the Whitcombes. In short, from the spectator's viewpoint, it might be a day the better for a little mild exercise, with interest stimulated, not checked, by a brisk south-westerly breeze and even a heavy shower.

The Advantages of Golf.—I never gave my heart to golf, never brought my handicap below a generous 15, though I have dented the coast-line of England and Scotland with my metal clubs. But at the moment of writing, I am inclined to regard the watching of first-class professional golf on a seaboard course as the surest way of obtaining satisfaction and thrills.

I should still plump for watching cricket if cricket were not so vulnerable to chance and circumstance. If Ranji and Jessop were always in together against the best bowling Australia could produce, if the score stood at two games all, and England, with these two ancient giants batting, were piling up a first-innings lead in the last of the series, under a deep-blue sky, with a tempering, gentle breeze, at the rate of 150 runs an hour . . . then, indeed, you could "'ave" your golf, lawn tennis, football, and so forth. But not every match at Lord's is a Fowler's match, a Tennyson's match, a Jessop's match . . . not by a long chalk.

For a year or two in the 'thirties, I gave the palm to lawn tennis. But the thrills have declined, and somehow the first fine rapture has not yet returned to Wimbledon. Sit where I will, the *va et vient* of the ball gives me a headache, and half an hour of the business is enough. Football of both kinds claimed me once. The high-spots in 'Varsity Rugger matches remain in memory among major experiences. But I dislike queues and gigantic crowds and tremendous applause. And that, with a fœtid atmosphere added, goes for prize-boxing.

Polo ought to be an ideal watching game, given the right sort of weather. But, somehow, it misses. The play seems always to be on t'other side of the ground, and, to a neophyte at least, the perfect piece of science never quite materialises. As for yachting, a man must love the sea and understand the art of sailing craft to get full value out of a regatta. I like the sea from the security of the land, the glint of white sails in the blue, and the green prospect of the New Forest oaks on the mainland, but, as a contest, it is a slow and obscure business. And, for some of the same reasons, I am not to be found among the watchers at Henley.

Extraneous Matters.—It is not entirely true in my experience as a watcher that "the play 's the thing." You must know something—perhaps a good deal—of the technique of cricket to get the most out of even an ideal Test match. You must know what bowler and batsman and captain are trying to do, and why. . . . But even then, part of your enjoyment is derived from the setting, the emerald turf, the throng of spectators, the talk, the exchanges with acquaintances in the pavilion.

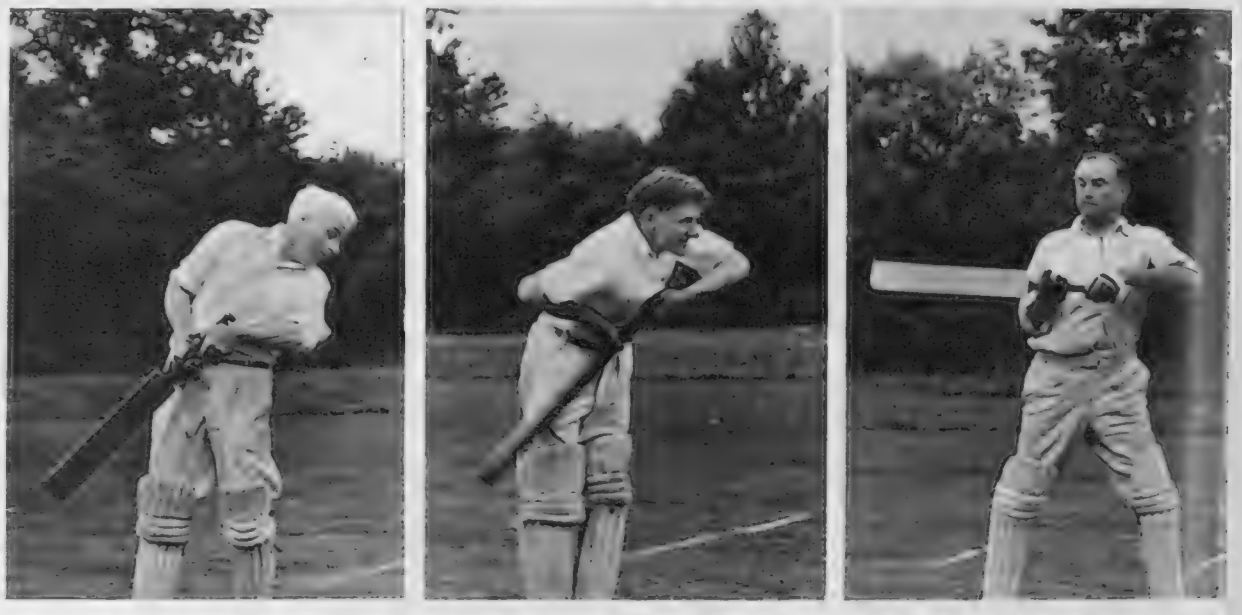
Still more so, interests extraneous to the play contribute to your enjoyment of professional golf. The players are wizards, but they are mechanical wizards, and you probably know very little of how their "wheels go round." It is an affair as exact as mathematics; it is a question, at most, of 10 yards north, south, east or west; and, on the greens, of inches.

But you are walking on springy turf, above a blue, enchanting sea. You can see to the west Lyme Regis climbing up its steep hill street, and, eastward, Portland Bill pushing out its thin arm. And close inshore the Chesil Bank skirts the Abbotsbury Swannery, and you may take your eye off the ball to gather juicy mushrooms, and as often as you please change position to watch the ball struck or to observe its landing on the fairway or the green. Nor need you watch the clouds. Rain or shine, the game of golf is played out.

But Jupiter Pluvius is the oldest and most deadly enemy of cricket. When a man turns sixty, life is short and he dare not risk a recreational wash-out.

So it is that after mature consideration, at a mature age, in a world which, still as of old, is no ideal world, I plump for watching golf, of all games the one I cared least to play.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS MEET AT CRICKET: Studies in Style from the Recent Match at Marlow



THE AUTHORS SHOW THEIR PROWESS WITH THE BAT: Thomas Armstrong (*left*), author of "King Cotton"; Edmund Blunden (*centre*), poet, literary critic, and writer on cricket; and Sidney Rogerson (*right*), author and publicity chief of Imperial Chemical Industries, taking part in the recent match between Authors and Publishers held at Marlow. This is now an annual event, and this year the Publishers turned the tables on the Authors by dismissing them for 136 and scoring 143 for the loss of four wickets. The event is organised by the House of Collins

A GALAXY OF TALENT (MAINLY WRITING TALENT) ON THE CRICKET GROUND AT MARLOW, WHERE THE AUTHORS MET THE PUBLISHERS: Left to right—Thomas Armstrong, whose "King Cotton" is a best-seller dealing with the impact of the American Civil War upon Lancashire; Michael Meyer; W. A. R. Collins, chairman of the publishing house of Collins, who captained the Publishers' side; John Moore, author of "Brensham Village" and other books about the countryside; Edmund Blunden, author of a new life of Shelley and member of the staff of "The Times Literary Supplement," who captained the Authors' team; Ralph Strauss, author and literary critic, who kept the score; Laurence Meynell, broadcaster and thriller-writer; John Hadfield, Director of the National Book League; Sidney Rogerson, who recently collaborated with Charles Tunnicliffe in "Our Bird Book"; and Sydney Goldsack, a Director of the firm of Collins

The ORIGINAL BALLET RUSSE

The Return of Col. de Basil's Company to Covent Garden

A REHEARSAL OF THE BALLET RUSSE AT COVENT GARDEN: Colonel W. de Basil watches Vladimir Dokoudovsky and Tatiana Riabouchinska rehearse a new ballet, "Graduation Ball"

MR. AND MRS. DAVID LICHINE: Tatiana Riabouchinska and her husband, who are back at Covent Garden. The celebrated dancers have only recently rejoined Colonel de Basil, having been in Hollywood, where they took part in a new Walt Disney film in which they dance in silhouette. Colonel de Basil has not been at Covent Garden since 1939. During the war he was in South America with his company and now he makes a welcome return with David Lichine, Tatiana Riabouchinska, Olga Morosova, April Olrich and Ivan Psota as his principal dancers. April Olrich was discovered by Colonel de Basil in South America. She is of English parentage and comes from Zanzibar. The season began last Tuesday and will continue until September 6, during which time fifteen ballets will be presented. Only one, *Graduation Ball*, with choreography by David Lichine to Strauss music and with décor by Nadia Benois, is new to London audiences. The last ballet in the programme will be *Firebird*

LICHINE WITH THE CORPS DE BALLET: Rehearsing "Graduation Ball," the new ballet with music by Strauss and décor by Nadia Benois. Lichine is responsible for the choreography

THE RÉGISSEUR-GENERAL AT A REHEARSAL: Serge Grigorieff, Colonel de Basil's stage director at Covent Garden. One of the original members of the Ballet Russe Company under Diaghilev, Grigorieff is again at the Royal Opera House. V. Gregorieff, Administrator-General of the company, is his son and Mme. Grigorieff, his wife, is the Dancing Mistress

FIFTY YEARS AFTER DÉGAS: A scene such as the great Impressionist might have painted. The ballerina on the right is mending her shoe, while the seated girl, top left, is knitting

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

ABBIE CREATES A DIVERSION

Dane Chandos Introduces a New, Diverting, and Sometimes Exasperating Character to the Literary Scene

IN a week of reading mostly devoted to serious if not actually alarming subjects, one book has stood out like a bright and glancing light; a welcome piece of frivolity, good sense, nonsense and gaiety that I recommend with enthusiasm. It is ABBIE (Michael Joseph. 10s. 6d.), and although I quite realise that half the people to whom I recommend it will be exasperated by its central character, I am equally sure that the other half will be delighted, and that is why I am taking the chance.

Mr. Dane Chandos writes of an English lady who is aunt to a half-American, half-English boy (presumably himself), and who undertakes by voluminous letters and by floods of erratic and witty speech to educate him in those manners she considers essential to his health, success and happiness. As a little boy; an adolescent—("Is your housemaster married?" "No." "Then I fear the man is either a rogue or a fraud. I have often commented on what enormous knees he has, and that is a very bad sign")—and, as a man, the author accumulates a mass of correspondence from Abbie, as she travels over the world, or presides over her own English manor and gardens.

Abbie's advice is never impracticable, and often uproariously funny, but it is her account of her own doings, and her own reactions to her acquaintances that give the book its unique quality. Abbie would never recognise bias in herself, or wisdom in any others but her much loved husband. If in danger of being worsted in an argument, she was, and possibly still is, apt to take a little gold whistle from her bracelet and blow a piercing blast on it. This, at the very least, may be said to deflect the conversation.

In spite of constant travel, Abbie's contempt for "underbred foreigners" was supreme; her lifelong feelings about the Boche and the Jap implacably hostile. Americans fared little better with her. Her warm-heartedness was reserved for children, for animals—("Have just bought some dear little stoats")—and for flowers. By the same token, in all these interests she was expert. Her English, if erratic in context, was faultless in construction; her clothes were exquisite, and her hair, on which the boys at the author's school used to take bets, was always dyed some pastel shade of blue. "She used a different rinse for each visit, and warned me in advance what it would be 'so that you can participate in your schoolfellows' pastimes without financial risk, dear.'"

Abbie, in fact, vital, indefatigable, maddening, hectoring yet adorable, is quite a person.

As readers of *Forbidden Journey* will remember, Miss Ella Maillart is an indefatigable traveller into inaccessible places and a successful surmounter of the kind of difficulties which might daunt even the most hardened male itinerant. THE CRUEL WAY (Heinemann. 18s.) is a record of her journey from Geneva to Kabul in June 1939. With a companion, who was a drug addict and, in addition, appears to have been suffering from an emotional maladjustment, she set out on this journey of nearly 5,000 miles in a Ford car, taking in the Balkans, the Black Sea, Turkey, Turkistan, Balkh and Afghanistan on the way.

Miss Maillart is not only an experienced traveller but a competent writer about her travels. In addition, she is a superb photographer, and the pictures in this book are of a very high standard indeed. While observing and commenting upon the various races, tribes, customs and ways of life she encountered on the journey, Miss Maillart is first-rate, but she is not on sure ground when she attempts to relate what she is observing to larger and more international problems.

SMOKE ACROSS THE FELL (Collins. 8s. 6d.) is a sequel to another historical novel of West Cumberland, but don't let that worry you. There is no need to have read the first book to appreciate this one, though you may want to go back to it purely for your own enjoyment. The present story is quite complete in itself, and, I think, a good deal better than its predecessor.

It is the story of a young sheep farmer with a fine heritage, who finds his life made increasingly hard by the French war—the time is 1795—by the growing popularity of cotton, and by the encroachment, in his own county, of the big iron interests. Needless to say, he adds to his own troubles by carrying off and wedding a beautiful girl from the Isle of Man, whom his neighbours persist in regarding as a foreigner, and who indeed proves to be his bitterest enemy.

Mr. Graham Sutton is Cumberland born and bred, and something of his own love for the place, as well as his knowledge of its history, illuminates this story.

I expect most readers find themselves withdrawing with delicate but snail-like precision into their shells when they pick up a novel labelled by its enthusiastic publishers as robust and exhilarating. The suggestion is of something like a rough sea off Cromer, after which one would inevitably need a rough towel, a brisk walk and a cup of nourishing Bovril. I had all these feelings when I approached Mr. Hamilton Ellis's new—and long—novel, DANDY HART (Gollancz. 12s. 6d.), but, in the main, I was mistaken.

The period is the mid-nineteenth century, the scene England, and the argument, the growth of the great railway systems. Briefly, I enjoyed it very much, and think it more than likely that you will, too.

Incidentally, the railway staff is superbly done, and quite the best part of the book in my opinion. A genuine recommendation.

HONOUR WAS SATISFIED: M. Toulza, Director of a Paris newspaper, shaking hands with M. Hyppolyte Ducos (seated), a member of the French Parliament, after the latter had challenged him to a duel for an alleged affront in the journal "Samedi Soir." The duel took place at Boissy St. Leger, and after M. Ducos had been slightly wounded, the contestants shook hands. A doctor was in attendance, and he is seen (on left) replacing items in his medical chest after attending to the superficial wounds of the injured politician

One summer evening, not quite a hundred years ago, an English girl travelling home with her mother, arrived in Paris. For the last two days of the journey the older woman had felt ill, and when they arrived at their big and fashionable hotel she went immediately to bed, where a doctor attended her. He did not tell the daughter his diagnosis, but sent her out on a quest for medicines, a quest which occupied her for some hours. When she returned to the hotel the clerks and the manager himself denied all knowledge of her mother, and, although she recognised the hotel and searched the register, she could find no trace of the entries that she remembered had been made that same day.

The girl was faced with a completely unanimous opposition, to a degree where she felt she was losing her reason, yet that same reason told her, when she could quell her panic, that she and her mother had in fact come to that hotel, had signed the book, and had been shown to certain rooms. The solution of the mystery was that the mother had been found to be suffering from the plague, and that the Paris hotel, on the day before the opening of the Great Exhibition, had fears for their own trade and for the success of the whole Exhibition if the truth came out.

Mr. Anthony Thorne's dramatic and touching novel tells the story inimitably, and SO LONG AT THE FAIR (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) is obviously destined for a big success.

AN EXOTIC TRINITY MAKE AN OMNIBUS

Victorian Novels of High Society, and Other Books Briefly Reviewed

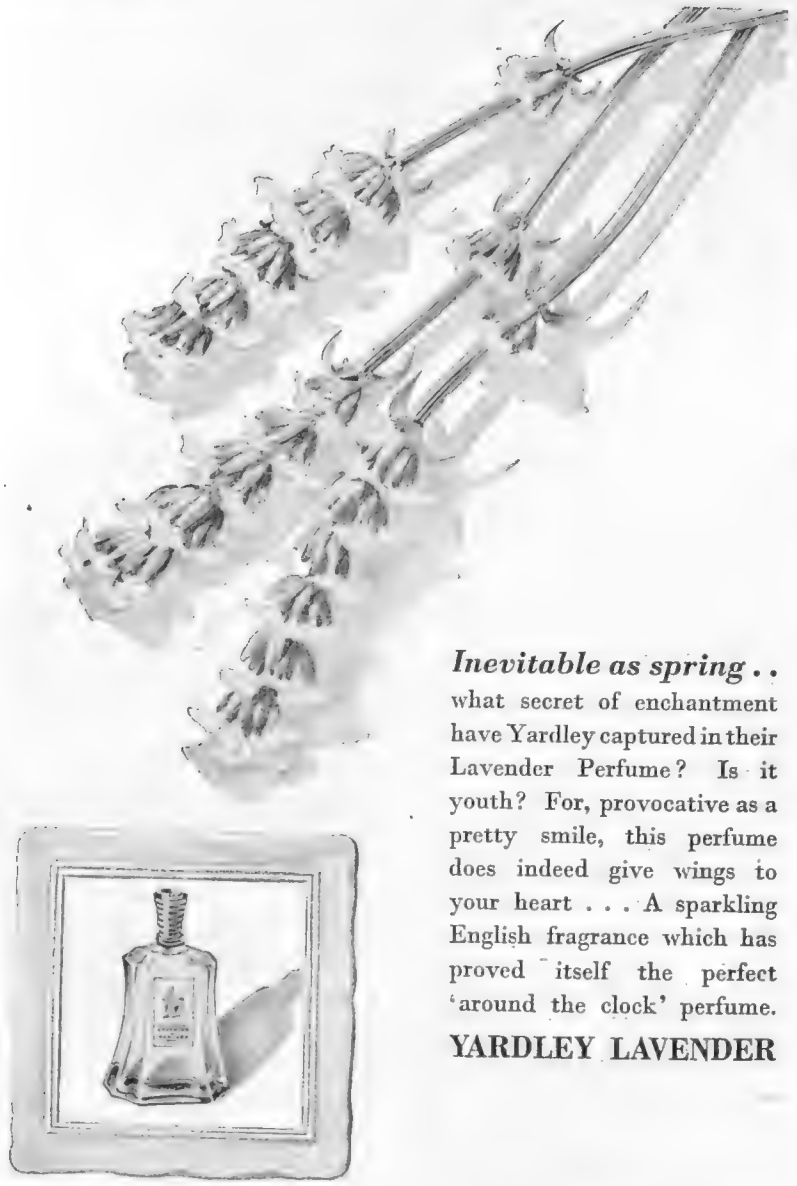
Benjamin Disraeli, with his Oriental delight in luxuriant description; G. A. Lawrence, a lesser-known novelist, possessed of a scathing sarcasm which he administered with a wealth of quotation and flowery metaphor; and Ouida, with her handsome rakes and women with a past, her powerful but sometimes unwholesome plots, all possessed in their writings the one common characteristic of flamboyance and, each in his or her own way, sought to portray the *haute monde* of their day. The three authors, otherwise so utterly unlike in character and outlook, have, not without reason, therefore been brought together in NOVELS OF HIGH SOCIETY FROM THE VICTORIAN AGE (Pilot Press. 18s.). This is an omnibus book for holiday reading, with purple passages in abundance. First of the exotic trinity is Disraeli's *Henrietta Temple*, where we follow the fortunes of the thoughtless and hedonistic Armine as he is torn between the conflicting attractions of love and money. The second book is G. A. Lawrence's *Guy Livingstone*. The hero, bearer of an ancient name, of dauntless courage in the saddle or on the duelling ground, is a beefy romantic, and, like the hero of *Henrietta Temple*, he is involved with two young ladies at the same time. He keeps a cooler head, however, than the feckless Armine. As for Ouida, the whipper-in in this Victorian man-hunt, that writer of many failings and futilities, a few will find her novel *Moths*, written at the height of her popular fame in 1880, still intensely readable despite its literary solecisms. *Moths* is the *via dolorosa* of young, innocent and undoubtedly priggish Vere Herbert, who to save the honour of her mother, Lady Dolly Vanderdecken, accepts a husband, Sergius Zouroff, at once Russian and insupportable. Witness their parting: "'It is of no use speaking of it now; your mother never could be true to anyone,' he said with an effort. 'I am—sorry. You were misled—but it is of no use now—it is too late. Give the sables to the first beggar you meet. That damned singer was right last night; you are a cup of gold and I—like best the trough where the swine drink.'" It was thus that Marie Louise de la Ramée, with her nom de plume Ouida, gripped a whole generation of readers. Not much of the magic is left.

In the First World War, Cecil Chesterton solaced himself in the trenches and in odd moments behind the lines by writing a lightweight history of the United States. The result was a masterpiece of English literature and a full measure of joyous inaccuracies. Mr. T. C. F. Prittie, sometime cricket correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*, found a similar relaxation during the Second World War, and the result is MAINLY MIDDLESEX (Hutchinsons. 16s.), a series of essays compounded as a prisoner-of-war in Germany and having as its theme some of the great matches and celebrated figures in the world of cricket between 1925 and 1939. Like Mr. Chesterton's book, *Mainly Middlesex* is good prose (and what else is ever forthcoming from those who have served the *Guardian*?), and it is also a model of accuracy, with all those statistics so dear to the cricketer's heart. Finally, the book also provides at least one brilliant forecast of the future. In his chapter on Bill Edrich, who, after a meteoric rise, fell from grace in all but the South African Test games before the war, the author declares his unswerving belief in this great player. From his dungeon across the Rhine he wrote: "Edrich remains one of England's greatest potential bulwarks for the future. His day will surely come. Such things lie in the nature of history." A Prittie estimate indeed!

The Hour-Glass Library consists of selected stories from well-known writers. The publishers are Maurice Fridberg, and these slim but attractively presented books are priced at 2s. 6d. James Hanley, the late Stephen Vincent Benet, Gerald Bullett, and Elizabeth Berridge provide the latest four volumes. Of these Miss Berridge is probably the least known. Her sensitive writing, so discerning as regards the workings of the feminine mind, is admirably suited to the short-story form.

Two new books for sportsmen are GAMES FOR COURT AND GARDEN, by Gordon Winter (Pilot Press. 6s. 6d.), and FISHING, by Ernest A. Aris (Pitman. 7s. 6d.). Both are elementary and concisely explanatory. Mr. Winter's book gives the rules for some lesser-known games, such as padder tennis and quoit tennis, and he includes an interesting chapter on archery which, in London and the South-West, appears to be attracting new enthusiasts.

NEW GUINEA HEAD-HUNT (Macmillan. 20s.), by Caroline Mytinger, is the story of a visit to the hinterland of New Guinea to paint portraits of the Papuans. Miss Mytinger had a full share of thrills *en route*, and if the resulting book is not very important, it none the less contains some interesting sidelights on the life of the people, and it is related with typical transatlantic gusto.



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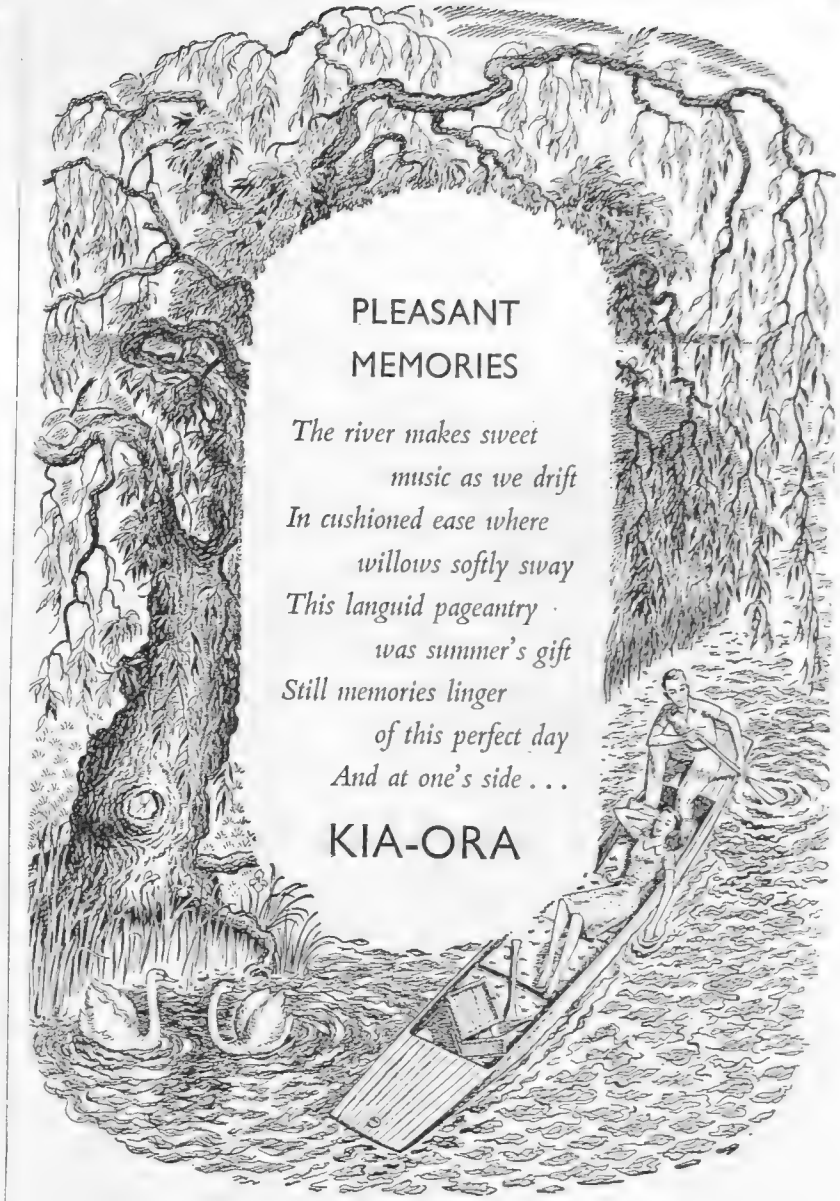

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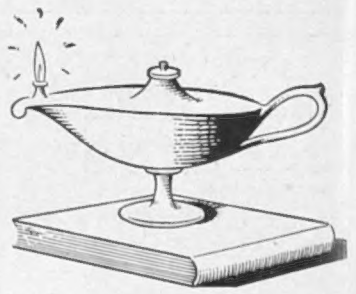

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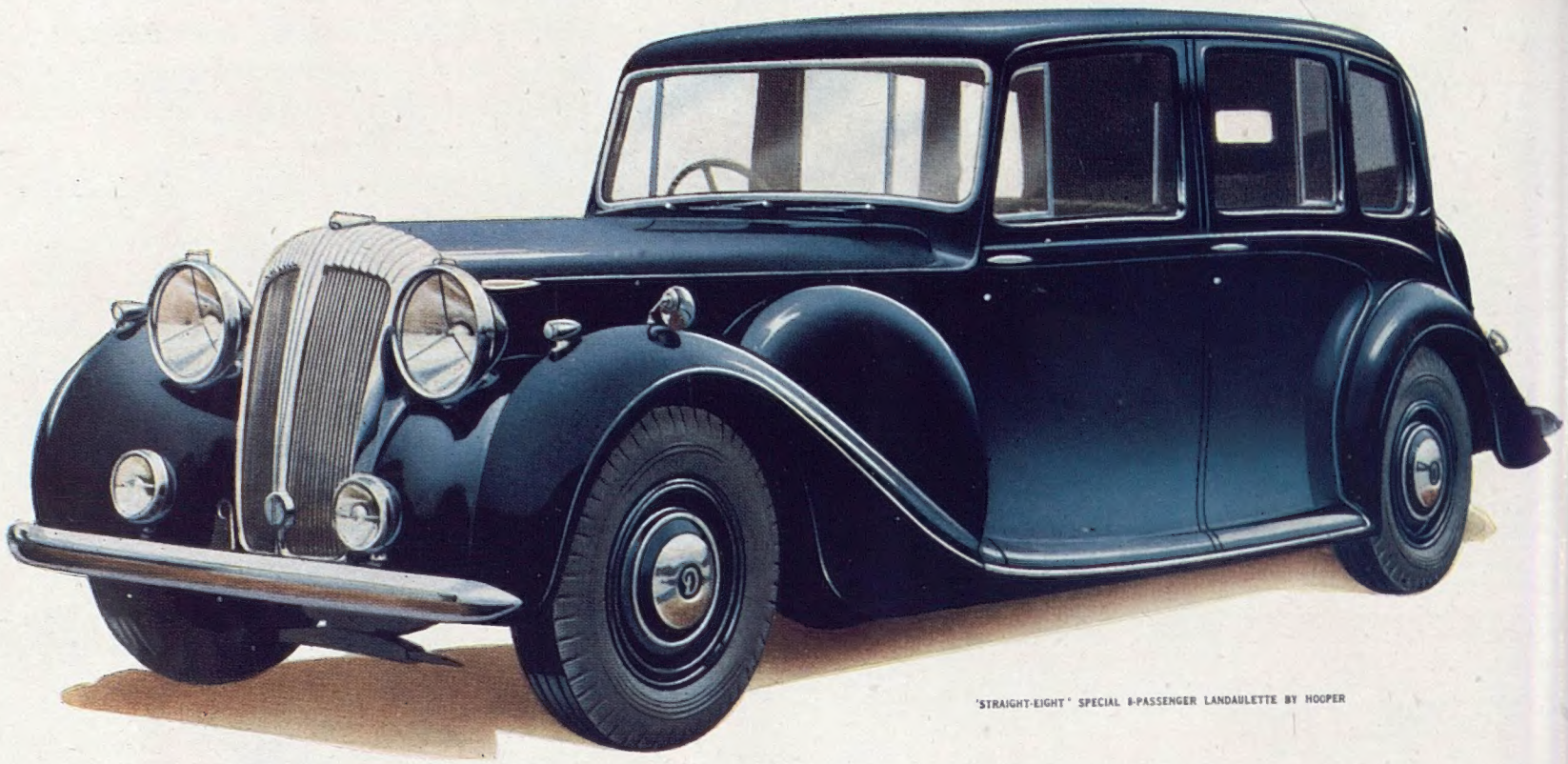

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